

The

January

# Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

15c

JAN. 11 '46

30 #1

Jan 47

Doc

29

Jan-Dec  
1946



*"Writes dry with wet ink!"*



*Less waiting*

**THAN YOU THINK MAY BRING YOU**

**A PARKER "51"**

**T**HROUGHOUT the world, Parker 51's are the "most wanted" pens. Supply is limited . . . but *more are coming*.

The day is definitely nearer when a "51" may be yours. When you hold that balanced instrument, you will admire its eager feel . . . see the magic of its effortless writing.

And the words that flow from the 51's protected tip *dry as you write*. For only the "51" pen is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink, world's fastest drying ink.

Of course, it can also use any ordinary ink.

Yes, you'll discover the 51's distinction . . . and soon. Meantime, remember that every "51" is the result of patient, precision craftsmanship . . . the same fine craftsmanship we have been applying to rocket fuzes and other matériel. These pens can never be turned out by hurried mass production methods. They are made to justify their fame.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY  
Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto Canada.

**PARKER**

*51*

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# SOUND OFF

## QM EXCEPTION

Sirs:

In looking through the November Sound Off, a letter from Sgt. D. C. Hinkle came to our attention. From the beginning right up to the last sentence we thought it rather comical. (Sgt. Hinkle proposed a humorous list of gear to be issued to all QM personnel. —Eds.) We got a bang out of some of the expressions, even though they were about our branch of the service.

However, we do take exception to that last sentence: "This equipment is not to be confused with equipment issued MARINES." We really think this sentence was in bad taste and reflects discredit on men who have performed duty with FMF combat outfits.

Sup. Sgt. G. R. Lohmiller  
Sup. Sgt. C. J. Veith  
San Diego, Calif.

• *More power to the QM personnel who have shouldered arms.*—Eds.

## THE LOST IS FOUND

Sirs:

Pursuant to the item, "Picture Request," in the September 1 Sound Off, I am transmitting six copies of the prints in question. I would appreciate your sending them to PFC M. B. Griffin, Jr., and his buddy. There is no charge in connection with these prints.

The other two officers along at the time the picture was taken were First Lieutenants Rowland

W. Phelan and Richard I. Beattie, both in my squadron.

1st Lt. Millard E. Schaeffer  
Pacific

• *PFC Griffin's letter described how three lieutenants on Okinawa took a picture of him and his buddy bringing in a Jap prisoner. Above is the response to this letter, and below is the picture itself.*—Eds.



## MOTG 81

Sirs:

With all due respects to Captain Bodfish and his letter on Squadron 812 (October Sound Off), we wish to add a few words. We'd like to mention that Squadron 812 was a member of a group, of which Squadrons 811 and 813 were also members.

This group was chartered as OTX 8 in February, 1943, and later, in January, 1944, was changed to Marine Operational Training Group 81. Some of us were members of Squadron 812 and others were members of



"WE WERE DOIN' FINE UNTIL  
SOMEBODY YELLED "HEY!"  
THE PABST IS HERE!"



Top: 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

## THE LEATHERNECK, JANUARY, 1946 VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 1

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## NOTICE

Notice is given that a meeting of the Members of THE LEATHERNECK ASSOCIATION is hereby called, and will be held at 1121 Fourteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., on February 7, 1946, at 2 P.M., for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

WALTER W. HITESMAN, JR.  
Major, USMC  
Secretary-Treasurer

33 Fine Brews **BLENDED**  
into One Great P





## VIKING KWIKSET

PATENT PENDING

**RIBBON BARS**  
They snap on in a jiffy . . .  
while you wait.



HERE'S THE PERFECTED BAR

*Quick as 1-2-3*



1. First Ribbon Snaps On

2. Second Ribbon Snaps On



3. Third Ribbon Snaps On

AND IT'S READY TO WEAR

AND JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE  
FEATURES!

- Made for 1, 2 or 3 ribbons in 1/4 inch or 1/2 inch width
- Assembled in a jiffy...no tools
- No sewing...no stitching
- No pasting...no trimming
- Snap on in correct sequence
- Ribbons lie flat and snug
- Ribbons stay put...no sliding
- No waiting...no ordering
- Rustproofed, spring metal bar
- Adhered to metal base
- Clutch fasteners have point protection
- Lay flat against uniform
- With or without cellophane cover
- Priced no higher than inferior bars

**HILBORN-HAMBURGER, Inc.**  
15 EAST 26th STREET • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.  
Manufacturers of Quality Military Equipment

### SOUND OFF (cont.)

Squadrons 811 and 813, and we feel that something should be mentioned about the records of all the squadrons, rather than just one. The other two squadrons were just as outstanding as 812, and if exact figures were published we believe they would be very close. At any rate, we are sure that the records of these squadrons are truly great.

We were members of the ground crews of MOTG 81, and we have seen men come and go. We saw the first PBJ come into the Marine Corps, and it stayed with us for over two years. We saw these pilots advance from second lieutenants to captains; from green pilots to the best in the Corps. We saw the hundreds of students, pilots, aircrewmembers and groundcrewmembers come and go. We saw the group born, and grow to be the finest and most efficient aviation outfit in the Corps.

We feel it was a shame that these pilot instructors, gunnery instructors, ground crewmen, and the many men it took to train this great Marine Air Corps could never get a chance at the Nips until it was too late to do any good.

Corp. Albert J. Estilow  
Pacific and three others

### FOR CHINA MARINES

Sirs:

I would like to know if any information will be released as to the names of any remaining members of the old 3rd, 4th and 15th Regiments, which were consolidated in 1927 and shipped from Santo Domingo to Shanghai.

I've been told by two Marine aviators here that remnants of the consolidated 4th Regiment were now in the States, and would appreciate receiving information about them.

Norman K. Godfrey  
112 N. Jay St.  
Rome, New York

### RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Sirs:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, especially your Sound Off department. I've never before had occasion or incentive to write you, but the letter written by "A Marine With Points To Spare", in the September Sound Off, has roused my dander.

He states that the Marine Corps is being discriminated against regarding the point system. He further suggests that sending Army men with less than the required discharge points to the Pacific, as replacements for Marines, would make the Marines happy indeed.

Leatherneck must know by this time that the number of points required for discharge for the Marine Corps has been reduced to 50. I am a European veteran with 29 months of overseas duty, and have exactly 80 points. That is sufficient for discharge eligibility, but if I had 79 points I sure would hate the thought of replacing men in the Pacific. I think you'll agree with me that Marines, for the present at least, have the best deal.

I, for one, would like to go on record as saying that, in spite of its pride, the Marine Corps is a fine and noble fighting team, which the US should be (and is) proud of.

In closing, please let me say, too, that I agree heartily with Corp. M. L. Haslup (September Sound Off) in his suggestion that the Marine Corps be authorized overseas stripes similar to those worn by the Army. It is only fair that this recognition be given all veterans, and I hope that HQMC will agree.

Sgt. L. G. Shy  
Goldsboro, N. C.

## BANKING OPPORTUNITIES *in California*



Numerous career opportunities will be available in Bank of America to young men now in the armed forces.

This is the second largest bank in the Nation, with branches in more than 300 California communities. Because of this, the bank's policy of internal promotion and advancement opportunities are exceptional. Benefits are liberal...group life insurance, hospitalization and surgical coverage, sickness payments, and a retirement plan. A profit sharing bonus plan has been in operation for a number of years.

If you come to California after you are discharged, drop in at any branch for a friendly chat, or visit one of our two Personnel Departments, located at 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and at 660 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles.

## Bank of America

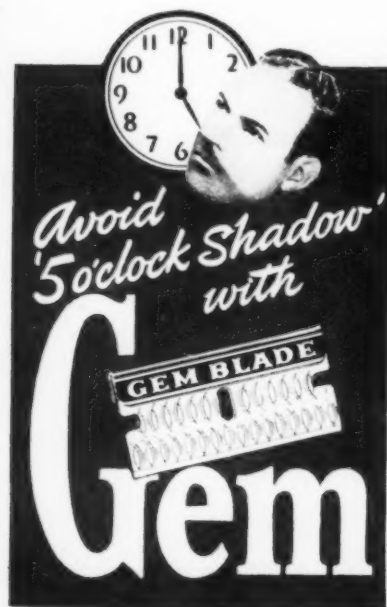
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation  
Member Federal Reserve System



"You can never tell what  
might develop now that  
you're rid of  
'5 o'clock Shadow!'"

Get that chin-clean look by  
shaving with genuine Gem  
Blades. They prevent  
"5 o'clock Shadow" because  
their super-keen edges get  
the beard at skin level. Made  
by the makers of your Gem  
Razor, Gems fit precisely!



I have been with the Marines  
for over a year, and for that same  
length of time I have enjoyed  
*Leatherneck*, especially the  
Sound Off column.

Being a Navy Corpsman, and  
in contact with Marines at all  
times, I feel I can express my  
opinion of Pvt. Breggia's state-  
ment in the September 1 issue  
that the Corps will have to go a  
long way to beat the Army  
infantry.

Beat them! That would hard-  
ly seem fair to the soldiers. In  
my opinion the Marine Corps  
has the Army so far out-classed  
in smartness, uniform and as a  
fighting unit that Pvt. Breggia  
has left himself wide open for a  
reading off from Marines every-  
where.

Where he gets the gall or finds  
grounds to make such a state-  
ment is beyond me. I think if  
Pvt. Breggia will look at Marine  
Corps history he'll find that  
Marines have always been the  
first to go when war came. Also,  
when they start an operation it  
doesn't take them forever to  
finish it. I don't think as much  
can be said for the Army. Mar-  
ines will remember Guadalcanal,  
Munda, and a lot of other places  
where they fought with the  
Army. Let Pvt. Breggia ask any-  
one who was there about those  
places and maybe he'll get  
"wised up."

In closing, let me say that  
your magazine is tops with us.  
Keep up the good work.

R. L. Bates, HA1c  
Pacific

#### 29th SLIGHTED

Sirs:

In reading the November  
*Leatherneck* I was interested  
to find the article, "Silence On  
Sugar Loaf." Like most Marines  
and ex-Marines, I am interested  
not only in the Corps as a whole,  
but also in my particular outfit,  
which happens to have been the  
2nd Bn., 29th Marines. I was,  
therefore, considerably surprised  
to see that unreserved credit is  
given the 22nd Marines for the  
assault and capture of the hill.

Corp. T. V. Mullahy is dead  
wrong in this and I can prove it.  
It is true that the 22nd made the  
first abortive attempts to take  
Sugar Loaf, but the main effort  
and the final seizure were made  
by the 29th Marines, which as-  
saulted the hill almost continu-  
ously for the week preceding  
May 19, when, the hill secured,  
the depleted regiment was  
relieved by the 4th Marines,  
moving up from Machinato. Ele-  
ments of the 3rd Bn., 4th Ma-  
rines, relieved what was left of  
Dog Co., 29th Marines, who were  
at that time dug in on the for-  
ward slope of the hill. The 22nd's  
sector, rugged as it undoubtedly  
was, extended west of Sugar Loaf  
and Half-Moon Ridge to the sea.

My authority in this matter is,  
I realize, not very great. But you  
don't have to take my word for  
it. Lieutenant Alan Shilin, a divi-  
sional intelligence officer of the  
Sixth Division, in his excellent  
article, "Sixth Marine Division  
On Southern Okinawa", which  
appeared in the V-J issue of The  
Marine Corps Gazette, bears me  
out in what I have said above.  
Unfortunately, most of the men  
to whom you might have paid  
tribute in that article are, like  
myself, ex-Marines, though not  
quite in the same sense.

A very bad job of reporting,  
*Leatherneck*. At best, you gave  
your readers a fraction of the  
truth.

W. R. Manchester  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

• *Leatherneck* did not  
say that the 22nd was

... a rag, a bone,  
and a hank o' hair



But

BROTHER WHAT A SMILE

When she smiles, Mac, it's on the "gleam". It  
devastatin'. No less! She's got that Dr. Lyon  
smile... the brightest of the bright.

More people use Dr. Lyon's than any other  
tooth powder because it *does* something  
for their smile. It not only cleans teeth  
polishes them. Makes them shine. E  
them on the "gleam".

DR. LYON





## REFRESHING MOVEMENT IS IN FULL SWING

—that bright, lustrous shine that  
and easy with DYANSHINE! That's  
servicemen go, the swing is to that  
that lines the shelves of their PX.  
all of the Liquid Dyanshine we have  
the past several years has gone to men  
it can do its best job of keeping  
shining shape with less work—in  
you're back in "civvies," you'll  
little of Dyanshine available  
quick, brilliant, long-lasting  
leather, easy to apply.

IF YOU PREFER PASTE  
POLISH Dyanshine  
is available  
Brown, Cor-  
russet Tan, Ox-  
and Black—in  
venient, wide-  
mouthed, 4-oz. jars.



**Liquid  
SHOE POLISH**

responsible for the  
taking of Sugar Loaf.  
The writer and photog-  
raphers on this story  
simply happened to cov-  
er the 22nd's sector. The  
Okinawa campaign was  
very fully covered by our  
staff, and we have pre-  
sented, in our various  
articles, the deeds of as  
many outfits as is hu-  
manly possible.—Eds.

### SECRET WEAPON

Sirs:

I have the scoop on the new  
secret weapon the Sixth Marine  
Division has just put out. In  
fact, I have seen it many times.  
It is called the "M2 Sling Shot."

It is a recoil operated hand  
weapon, may be shot from any  
position, single shot. Range and  
windage have not yet been de-  
termined.

Its main use is to keep Chinese  
children from infiltrating over the  
walls to the objective, which is  
the Marine Barracks.

All the credit for this weapon  
should go to the Colonel of Hq.  
Bn., Sixth Marine Division.

(Name Withheld On Request)  
Pacific

### CIVILIAN FAN

Sirs:

After reading the letter from  
Ens. J. L. Bale in the November  
Sound Off ("Navy Thanks"), I  
want to say that I heartily agree  
with him about the Marines.

I am just an unimportant civil-  
ian and the wife of a Marine  
flier, but I feel very proud to be  
part of the Marine Corps family.  
I read your magazine every  
month and really enjoy it. My  
hat is off to you gentlemen who  
work hard to make *The Leather-  
neck* what it is. I hope that  
I'll always be able to find one in  
my mail box each month. We are  
subscribers and intend to stay  
as long as your famous mag-  
azine stays on the market. Please  
Eds, keep it up.

Mrs. Gilbert Baumgart  
Park Ridge, Ill.

### SHORT AND SWEET

Sirs:

I respectfully agree with PFC  
Foley's letter in October Sound  
Off.

Gy. Sgt. L. A. Walker  
Great Lakes, Ill.

● PFC Foley's letter  
("Civilian Insignia")  
declared that civilians  
should be forbidden to  
wear official military in-  
signia.—Eds.

### BEE STING

Sirs:

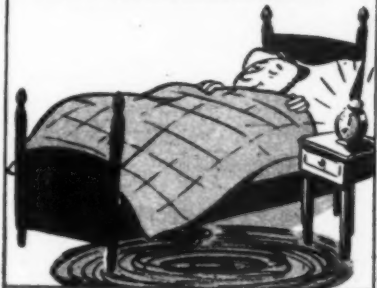
In regard to your September 1  
issue ("Scenic Routes In The  
Ryukyus"), we find you Marines  
are all too modest concerning the  
wonderful roads and beautiful  
Ohio scenery on Okinawa.

We take our hats off to the  
fighting Marines, but on this  
work department let's also give  
credit where it is due. In the first  
place the roads here are far in-  
ferior to the average Stateside  
roads or highways. It is not only  
hard to construct a road on  
Okinawa, but they're also plenty  
tough to maintain. I believe with  
a little closer examination of facts  
you'll find that the Bees and  
Army not only did most of the  
road construction, but the air-  
fields and anything else worth  
mentioning.

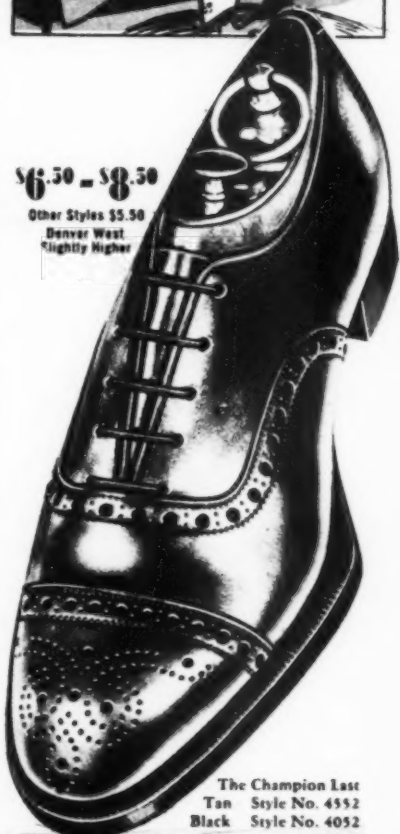
We have a fellow in our tent  
from Ohio, and he is highly



AND AGAIN HAVE THIS...



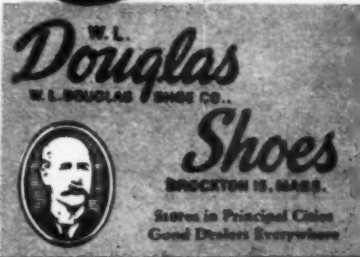
BE SURE TO HAVE THIS...



\$6.50 - \$8.50

Other Styles \$5.50  
Denver West  
Slightly Higher

The Champion Last  
Tan Style No. 4552  
Black Style No. 4052





## for CHRISTMAS The Diamond Set De Luxe "P-O-L-PRISONER OF LOVE"

Set With A Fine  
Genuine Diamond  
\$29.75 (TAX  
INCLUDED)

Let her tell the world she's YOUR  
"Prisoner of Love" with this beauti-  
ful and richly symbolic new Anklet  
set with sparkling Genuine Diamond  
in 10K Yellow Gold.

Available in two styles; with USMC on front  
and space for your and her initials on re-  
verse side—OR plain polished panel front for  
her initials, with yours on reverse side.

- At Post Exchanges
- Ship's Service Stores
- Up-to-date Jewelers



Truly "America's Most Honored  
Pendant!" Insignia deeply em-  
bossed with red hard enameled  
border. Beautiful dignified (pat-  
ented) design to be worn with  
pride by your loved one.

In Sterling \$5.95  
Silver  
10K Yellow Gold \$24.95

### Earrings to Match

Insignia finished  
same as "Key"  
Sterling Silver \$4.95 per pair  
10K Yellow Gold \$23.50 per pair

**Post Jewelers**  
427 FLATBUSH EXT.  
BROOKLYN (1) New York  
"Where Every Promise Is Kept"

## SPALDING... first in Baseball



Back in 1887 the Na-  
tional League adop-  
ted a Spalding base-  
ball for all official  
play. To-day the Spal-  
ding Official National  
League ball is still  
used in every Nation-  
al League game, in  
every World  
Series.

Another rea-  
son why...



**SPALDING**

insulted about the derogatory  
remark, "... it all reminds one  
of Ohio." Possibly you would  
have something if Texas were  
mentioned.

This letter is a departure from  
the usual on our part. It's the  
first written gripe in three and a  
half years. What we're wonder-  
ing is, what the hell have we  
been doing on various rocks  
while the Marines were doing the  
building of roads?

Some Disillusioned Bees  
(four signatures)

Pacific

• And if you'll examine  
our article a little closer,  
you'll find that we men-  
tioned only the 1st En-  
gineer Battalion, not the  
entire Marine Corps, and  
cited particularly work  
"in its area," not the  
whole island of Okinawa  
or any other Pacific is-  
land.

Your friend from Ohio,  
whose feelings we so  
sorely hurt, might also  
re-read, and find that  
the comparison was with  
"rural Ohio," and not,  
necessarily, with six-  
lane concrete highways  
or the more metropoli-  
tan areas.

If you've read *Leather-  
neck* even semi-occa-  
sionally you'll know that  
we have always been  
prime boosters of the  
Sea Bees. — Eds.

### HONEY BEE

Sirs:

To begin with, Sgt. Fred Lass-  
well deserves a laurel for his  
clever cover of the September 1  
(Pacific Edition) circus issue.  
For novelty, it's *Leatherneck's*  
best. From your first issue to the  
present, *Leatherneck* is pro-  
gressively getting better. As a  
slick, we rate it tops in service-  
men's publications.

Fortunately for us our ship's  
store managed to snag a few for  
us the other day. Were interested  
in your articles concerning this  
pile of rock and mud (Okinawa),  
most of which we agree are 100  
per cent correct.

However, your article, "Scenic  
Routes in the Ryukyus," was a  
little more than we cared to agree  
upon. You have always been  
excellent in giving credit where  
credit is due. To us it looks as  
though some Marine correspond-  
ent waxed a trifle too eloquent  
and was carried away by his own  
enthusiasm.

Undoubtedly the Marine 1st  
Engineer Battalion deserves a lot  
of credit for work accomplished  
here. But our major highways  
and the famous "Circle" were all  
constructed by the various con-  
struction battalions here.

As a matter of fact, a little  
research has revealed a bit of  
information worth noting. To  
expedite completion when the  
roads were first being con-  
structed, all Army and Marine  
engineer units were pooled with  
the Sea Bees when it came to  
road construction.

Thanks for the soft shoulder.  
I've tried to give a true and  
unbiased account.

Pacific R. B. Root, SKD2c

• That's the spirit we  
like to see. — Eds.

### MARINE CORPS STRENGTH

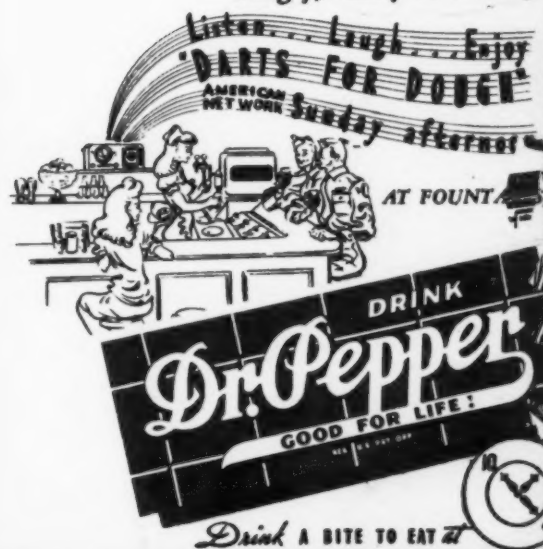
Sirs:

A few rash statements were

MY DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE



Most everybody believes in dreams  
Everybody who's ever tried one knows  
that frosty-cold Dr. Pepper is the  
titillating 5¢ drink you can toss in  
parched throat! Millions keep on  
ing—they want that rich, original  
vor, that quick energy lift at 10  
and 4 o'clock—or anytime they  
hungry, thirsty or tired!



DRINK  
**Dr. Pepper**  
GOOD FOR LIFE!

Drink A BITE TO EAT AT

Dr. Pepper is bottled and distributed by Dr. Pepper Bottling  
the States Dr. Pepper Com

## GATE CLOSE - UPS



But he's a calm Comm. since I solved his problem by telling him about **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**... how it stays moist and keeps your beard soft, so your whole shave is smooth an' snag-free!

## JUNGLE JOLLY...

...se there I didn't have to shave! When I learned about **COLGATE BRUSHLESS** — one 'no-brush' shave — that makes it easy to shave my whiskers off tender skin! So now I wanta say "Bye-bye" to the boondocks!



## SOUR KRAUT

An no wonder... those Heinies haven't got any **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**, the cream that's made especially for shaving tough beards off naturally dry, sensitive skin in comfort!



IN TUBE OR JAR  
X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Peter Bain

Shell Cordovan  
**BILLFOLD**

for **MARINES**

Yes sir, Marine, you can flash out a Peter Bain Marine Corps billfold with pride. This attractive, lizard grain, Shell Cordovan billfold is made especially for you. The U.S. Marine Corps insignia is embossed on the front of the billfold just as you see it here. What's more, there's a lot of room for folding money as well as a pocket for identification card. An added special feature of this billfold is the **EIGHT-WINDOW DETACHABLE INSERT FOR THOSE PRIZED PHOTOS.**

Made by the manufacturers of Peter Bain Shell Cordovan Garrison Belts... top favorite of Marines. Same durable, good looking material. Peter Bain top quality throughout. Tough... will stand a lot of use and wear. Get Peter Bain Genuine Shell Cordovan billfolds at PX or Ships Service Store.

Peter Bain

THE SUNTORBACH CO.  
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

on PX or Ships Service Stores Officers and Storekeepers:  
Main billfolds may be ordered through Quartermaster —  
Division of Supplies or direct from manufacturer.

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

time strength of the Marine Corps.

One eight-ball insists that it was but 25,000 on 7 December, 1941. I maintain that it was closer to 75,000. Much pesos involved! Who wins?

Sgt. Frank X. Goss  
Fort Worth, Texas

• You collect, Goss. Headquarters gives us the following information: "The total strength of the Marine Corps on 31 December, 1939, was 24,022. On 31 December, 1940, it was 40,270, and on 7 December, 1941, it was 66,319." — Eds.

## THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE

Sirs:

I once heard an appealing statement made by one of our officers to his senior NCOs. I quote: "The NCOs are the backbone of any outfit. Without your help we cannot possibly function as a squadron."

I ask this officer, and you, how can an NCO demand the respect and cooperation of his men if the Marine Corps itself degrades the NCO by putting him on such details as mess duty, trash runs, garbage trucks, head details and guard duty with a PFC or other junior man as (and this is a laugh) NCO in charge. To you who may not know it, this has been, and still is, the situation at Miramar.

At present I am on guard duty. I work seven days a week, anywhere from seven to 17 straight hours throughout the night, while the NCO in charge, a PFC, works the day shift, and gets every week end off, which accounts for my 17-hour trick on the weekend.

Yes, I have inquired about it but the answer is, "Too bad, you are a transient." I have been a transient since June, without a chance to eat in the NCO mess, apply for a furlough, or otherwise receive the benefits of being a Marine. I was under the impression that "transient" meant not settled, or not permanent. In the Miramar dictionary it must mean laborer, or one to do the dirty work.

I doubt if this will ever be printed or even read by anyone who cares, but it will give you an idea of how we (and some of us range in time served from seven to 27 years' active duty) feel about it.

Fortunately, I am in the seven-year category, and under the present set-up, I don't intend to go any further when my time is up in January. God help the future of the USMC if these conditions are existing elsewhere. If you decide to print this, please omit my name as I may get too many offers for the position of garbage collector, due to my previous experience as an MTSgt., USMC.

(Name Withheld)  
San Diego, Calif.

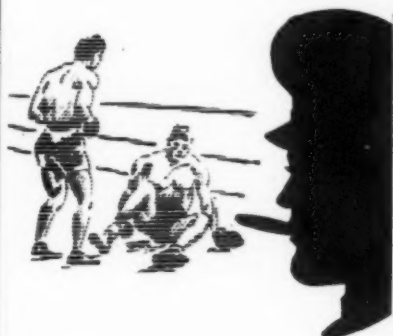
## SNOW JOB?

Sirs:

The following is from the Sunbury (Pa.) Daily Item, and contains an interesting commentary on Marine Corps rank:

"... 2nd Lt. Donald Herring ... and 2nd Lt. Luther Craumer ... have both been promoted to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer in the US Marine Corps. The status of a Chief Warrant Officer in the Marines is equal to that of a Major in the US Army."

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. dedicates the above message.

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mental slip or someone has perpetrated a snow job of gigantic proportions.

SSgt. John J. Robinson  
Pacific

### HOG BOG

Sirs:

In regard to Mrs. Ruth J. Murphy's letter ("Tempest In Texas Teapot"—October Sound Off), it's true that hogs run wild in Texas. However, these can't compare with the tame hogs.

A wild boar isn't any too good to eat because of the wild taste. And the wild variety are usually not half the size of the tame hogs. A good hog is worth as much as the average horse.

I'm sure if she would think this over she would agree with the story Tolbert wrote about the first Texas Marine.

Pvt. W. N. Dippel  
Sgt. A. L. Blagg  
Pacific

● Mrs. Murphy's letter refers to "The First Texas Marine" by Lt. F. X. Tolbert, in our July issue. In his story, Lt. Tolbert relates that PFC Bustamente O'Brien's family was run out of town for stealing hogs. Mrs. Murphy says, "It would have been all right if Tolbert had said they stole horses—but NOT HOGS. Doesn't Tolbert know that hogs run wild in Texas?" — Eds.

### 55 TROOPS

Sirs:

An argument has arisen here in regard to the date selective service was initiated in the Marine Corps.

I claim that it was first started in the Corps in January, 1943, and the first inductees into the Corps were taken in during this month. One of our former HQMC clerks claims that he worked with men in December, 1942, who were selective service.

Would you please set us straight on this matter?

Sgt. Richard G. Gambetty  
Pacific

● In December, 1942, Executive Order No. 9297 directed that all voluntary enlistments of men between the ages of 18 and 37 cease. Thereafter recruits for the Corps were obtained by induction through the Selective Service system. The first inductees were received in the Corps in February, 1943. — Eds.

### THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

Sirs:

We don't receive Leatherneck any more, but we do know just about what the average men in this outfit think about the point system. Here are the views of a few of them, which I hope you'll be kind enough to print.

We just got the word that all 50 point men are now eligible for discharge. Why is it, then, that 85, 75, 70 and 60 point men are still sweating it out over here?

Don't people ever get tired of giving the same line of bunk? We know very well how hard up they are for shipping. A transport left here a few days ago, empty, with orders to go direct to Pearl Harbor. Another, built to haul 1500 men, left with 200. I got that from sailors aboard the respective ships.

I know a few people who are

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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

so used to giving orders that they hate to see us fellows get out from under their heels. Let's get these people on the ball. I understand the discharge orders come straight from the Commandant. What's the scoop?

Writing this to your magazine is the only way to get this across, and I sure hope the right people will read it. I'm no old salt, but I sure want to go home as much as the next guy. Somewhere along the line someone is sending back bum reports, so I hope you'll let this go through.

PFC Andrew Kort

Pacific

## LEATHERNECK ON THE GRIDDLE

Sirs:

I have been reading the serviceman's views in your Sound Off column and it's regrettable that you have to use so much space in a fine magazine to publish such stuff as is voiced by the armed might of America. Two-thirds of it is a lot of *junk* about the war, that doesn't make any difference one way or another. These guys that write in and argue about what unit was here or there at a certain time turn my stomach. No one cares a hoot anyhow. The war's all over for a while now anyway. They didn't care even before the war was over, for that matter.

I think that every line in your columns should be used for the help of us (MILLIONS) out of the States. Why don't you make the people at home realize that we are *tired*. We're only human. Four months ago the newspapers and commentators were telling us of the huge fleet of merchant ships and transports on the seas. Where is it now? Could it possibly be on the East coast for Navy Day? Instead of showing off our mighty fleet that ruled the seas, they should think about the men out here, going crazy the slow way in wild anticipation of the homeward journey.

Where is the transportation? Ah, yes, the question without the sixty-four dollar answer. Just like an unfinished symphony.

Maybe we can just stay out here a few more years like hermits, and then they could charge us for the fare back to help pay for the war we fought.

Oh, how I admire the big shots who shake their heads and repeat, "It sure is too bad." No wonder so many guys crack up. Let us get off these rocks, *quick!*

Robert G. Breazier, S1c

Pacific

## HERO HUNT

Sirs:

I would very much appreciate your trying to find for me a certain Marine who lost a hand at Iwo Jima. This is the story:

A few months back an employee of this Navy Yard, Stanley Knap, visited his son, Wilbur, a Pharmacist's Mate First Class, at his ship, the *Samaritan*, while it was at anchor off Portland. Wilbur told his father of how a Marine of Co. F, 3rd Bn., 24th Marines, had been brought in with a hand off, to be made comfortable. Wilbur, standing by, remarked, "You're lucky."

The boy replied, "Yes, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Corporal Nelson. He saw Japs aiming at me and pushed me down, but didn't get clear himself."

Nelson was my son, and I'd like to get in touch with the Marine whose life he saved.

Charles E. Nelson  
Room 433, YMCA  
Bremerton, Wash.

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## IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME

Sirs:

Information is requested as to whether a man who enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps in 1860, was discharged upon expiration of enlistment, and then subsequently enlisted in the Confederate Marine Corps would be eligible to longevity pay, provided he reenlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps immediately after being mustered out of the Confederate forces.

Similarly, would suc. a man's Confederate time count on 30 years retirement? Further, would he receive \$300 mustering out pay for Confederate service? Does he rate an American Theater Ribbon? Or does he rate a Soochow Creek Ribbon? Does he get an Adjusted Service Point toward discharge for each month of Confederate service?

I can hardly wait for the answers to these queries, because if that time counts on retirement, I can pack my Ocean-Bag, put my flintlock away in cosmoline, and return to my family homestead beside the Whangpoo River.

Sgt. Maj. Gordon F. Ogilvie  
Great Lakes, Ill.

## MUSIC MAESTRO

Sirs:

I noticed an interesting letter written by one Corporal E. E. Blanchard (October Sound Off), in regard to Field Musics and Bandmen. He said that musics were broken-down musicians who couldn't make the grade as bandmen.

If that poor, stupid bandman mentioned above would check up, he would find that the majority of musics were ordinary guys who might have messed around with some sort of instrument when they were kids. At one time or another most kids try to play some musical instrument, so they couldn't even be called poor musicians. Then if Corp. Blanchard would take the rest of the musics he would find they were professionals — teachers and so forth — who were sent to FM school direct from boot camp, and they hadn't had suitable opportunity to get in a band.

I was one of these men who hadn't had the opportunity, and when I got it, I preferred to remain a music.

Incidentally, while I was attached to the band at San Diego in June, 1945, they were short on musics and had bandmen playing the calls. Even the worst field music in the Corps did better than they.

FMCorp. P.A. Bristan  
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

I recently read a letter in the October Sound Off, under the title "Family Spat." This was a very interesting epistle, especially the paragraph in which Corp. Blanchard, the author, gives his definition of a field music.

On Parris Island there are two different schools — one a band school and the other a field music school. A man who is sent to either of them and flunks out is usually made a lineman. I have seen many men go to music school from band school, and vice versa.

I have also heard some of these so-called technicians. Some of them are really sad, and would not make good field musics.

I think it was smart of Corp. Blanchard to express himself in words rather than in voice, as I know many field musics who would very much resent his definition.

FMCorp. F. M. Benware  
Portsmouth, N. H.

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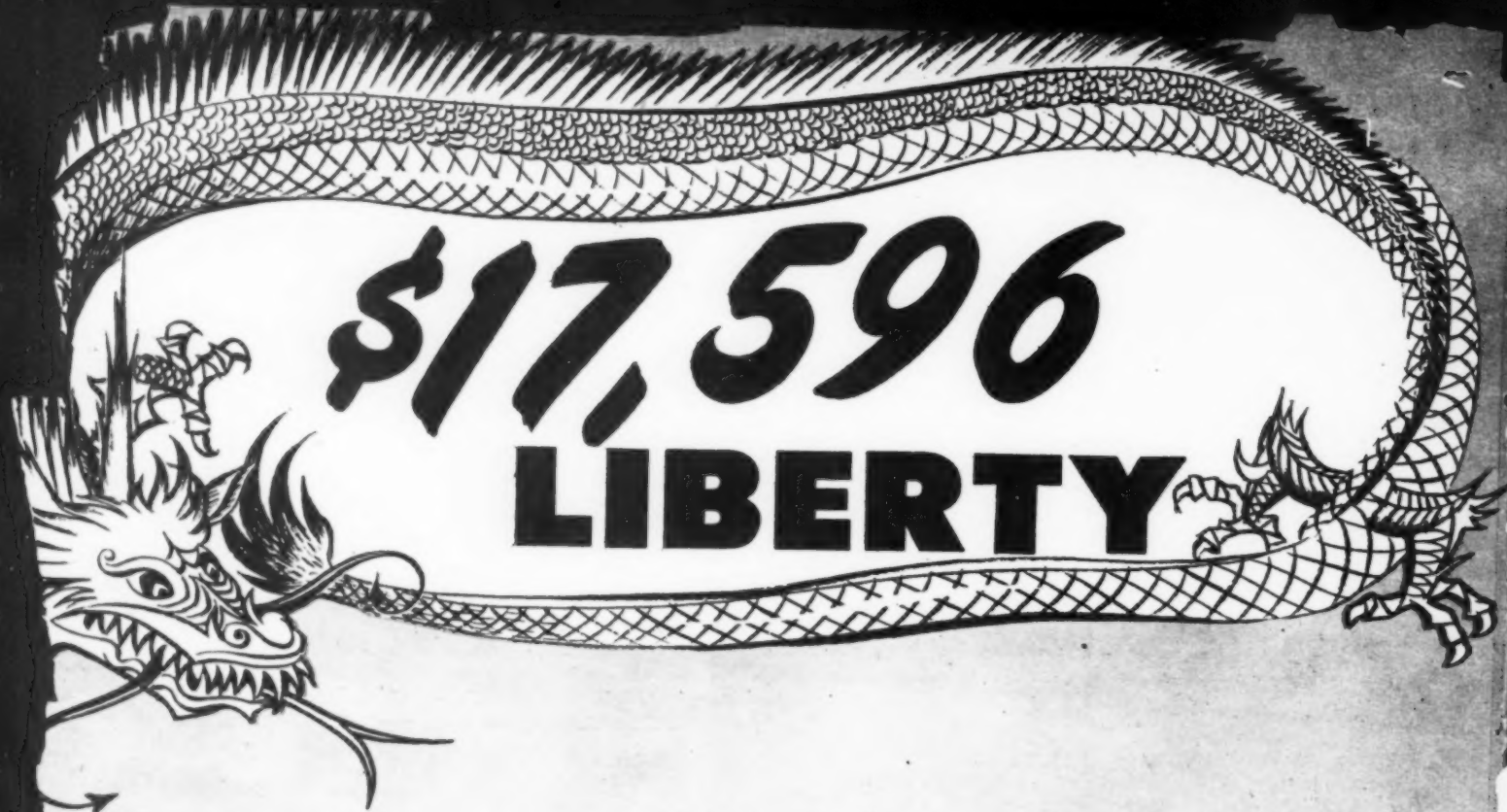
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**\$17,596**  
**LIBERTY**



Mr. A. (Red) Baskin with two pretty  
and a pagoda in Peking's Central Park





Old China hands, revisiting Peking, found a number of changes. One was the increasing number of rickshas with pedal attachments. Red

was influenced by the scorn of the old Corps for these novel things and chose the time-honored type. Here he halts as Chinese troops



At one of the city's outdoor markets Red tries on a robe. Though it came from that pile on the ground, it was good quality, and cost



Though it may look like chicken, that's bread Red's eating. Cost: \$1. Behind him another customer models a modish felt hat and a g



A confirmed nibbler, Red next found his way to a local peanut stall. Without a whistle, peanut vendor got folding money for peanuts.



In Red Baskin's journey along the paths of fun was to acquire a supply of the funny money which Marines have dubbed "funny money." This he did at Peking Hotel



Next: a shave, haircut, toenail trim. Baskin had a bath in the tub behind the barber



**What can a man do with \$17,596  
and a day to spend in Peking?  
Here's what one Marine,  
blessed with just those things, did**

**by Sgt. Ernie Harwell**  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



figures, such as the donkey in the foreground, may loom larger in the picture. But Baskin, in his ricksha near the center, is still star of the picture. Pekingese

ONE of the best additions to Leatherneck lingo is "funny money," a term coined when the Marines settled in China a few months ago. The expression is delightfully simple, and vice versa, for it means exactly what it says: funny money is Chinese paper money, which may be worth one thing one day and another the next. It fluctuates. Sometimes a Marine, finding on Thursday that his American dollars won't buy as much Chinese currency as they would have on Wednesday, will remark: "Fluctuated again, huh?"

Naturally, the wise spender will wait until the market reaches its peak and he can get the most Chinese cash for the least American. Private First Class William A. Baskin accomplished this. Then, taking a further step in the same prudent direction, he proceeded to spend his 17,596 Chinese dollars where they would do him the most good.

The Marine from the 5th Marine Regiment's Motor Transport outfit got a lot for his funny money, but he had a lot of time to make up. For two years the word "liberty" had been just something in the dictionary, a name for a stateside magazine, a memory. In his 29 months overseas he had had just one fling, and that in Australia. But now that the Marine Corps had brought him to see China, he had his chance. It was Peking.

The first thing Red Baskin did was to wipe the fog out of his eyes. This fog was not a product of China's climate. It was the effect of the many fabulous stories he had heard from the old China hands of the Corps. Once he could see clearly, Baskin had a grand time.

The lanky Leatherneck tourist from Clarksville, Ark., had heard about rickshas before, and now he set out to find one. That was easy, and he saw plenty to choose from. Shunning the bicycle-gear type that the Marines have nicknamed "creeping jeeps," he chose the old-fashioned model, pulled by a Chinese who didn't work sitting down.

Once aboard the ricksha, Red moved fast. He had a date with two pretty Chinese girls. He bought silks and even a Buddha. He had a bath, a haircut, a shave, a full, almost interminable Chinese dinner.

He bought peanuts for a few dollars, spent \$10 more for Chinese lemonade (one glass), and nibbled on a \$20 hunk of bread.

He walked through the Gate of Heavenly Peace into Peking's Forbidden City. He walked out again.

At last, having spent his \$17,596, he bade his Chinese guests good night, and went back to quarters. He reported:

"It's the nearest thing to stateside I've seen — even better than Australia, despite the fact that these people don't speak our language."

Some may have differences with his report, but nobody can call Baskin a spendthrift. His \$17,596 of funny money represented just \$8.50 American cash — less than a week's salary for a Marine PFC.





In order to get these pictures  
Sgt. John Jolokal had to keep  
pace with a Marine on liberty



A camel driver paused near a vegetable merchant's station to allow Red to talk to the camels. The haughty beasts turned up their noses



In a cleared field Red found a tired, thin peddler with bicycle seat and covers for sale. Lack of a bicycle did not lessen his interest



Visiting a Buddhist temple, Red was uncertain about Chinese customs. American-wise, he kept his shoes on and doffed his cap. All went well.



It had been a long time since Red had taken a ride on a milk wagon. When this one came along he quickly got on. In broad daylight

TURN P



Abandoning the milk wagon and donkey Red decided to wait and take a trolley car. Passing Peking police provided picturesque pastime

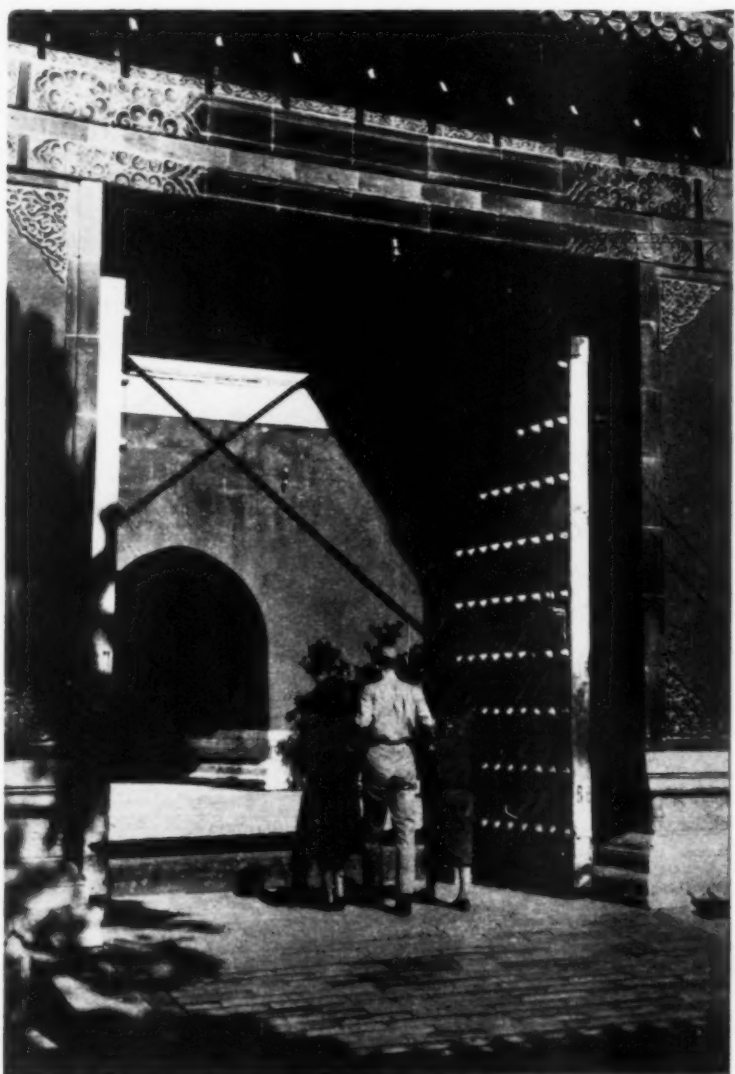


When it came, the trolley was filled with people who took a friendly view of Red. But the boy in window at right would have none of him

**Red Baskin and his friends made a lengthy visit to the "Forbidden City," innermost of the four parts of the ancient capital**

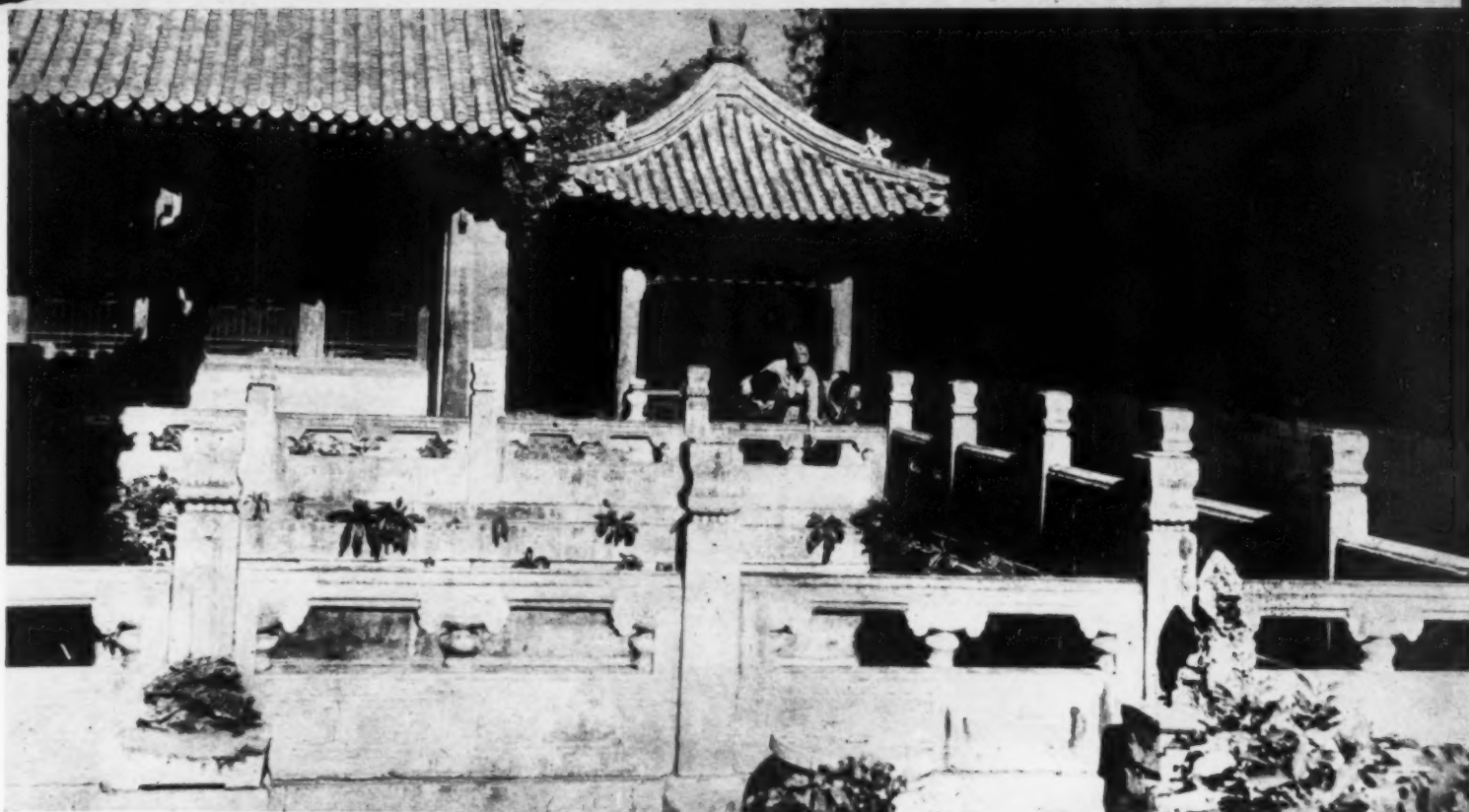


At their home, Red called for the two pretty Chinese girls who were his "dates." Poa Poa Chin is at left, Chou Jui Jing on the right



The trio passed through this, the Gate of Heavenly Peace, on their way into the Forbidden City. The ancient arch has modern electricity





Within, Red and his companion looked over the balustrade of a sleepy lagoon. This graceful Peking scene holds the romantic aura Marco Polo

found on his visit 1600 years ago, when Kublai Khan ruled China. Even at that time the former political and cultural center was centuries old



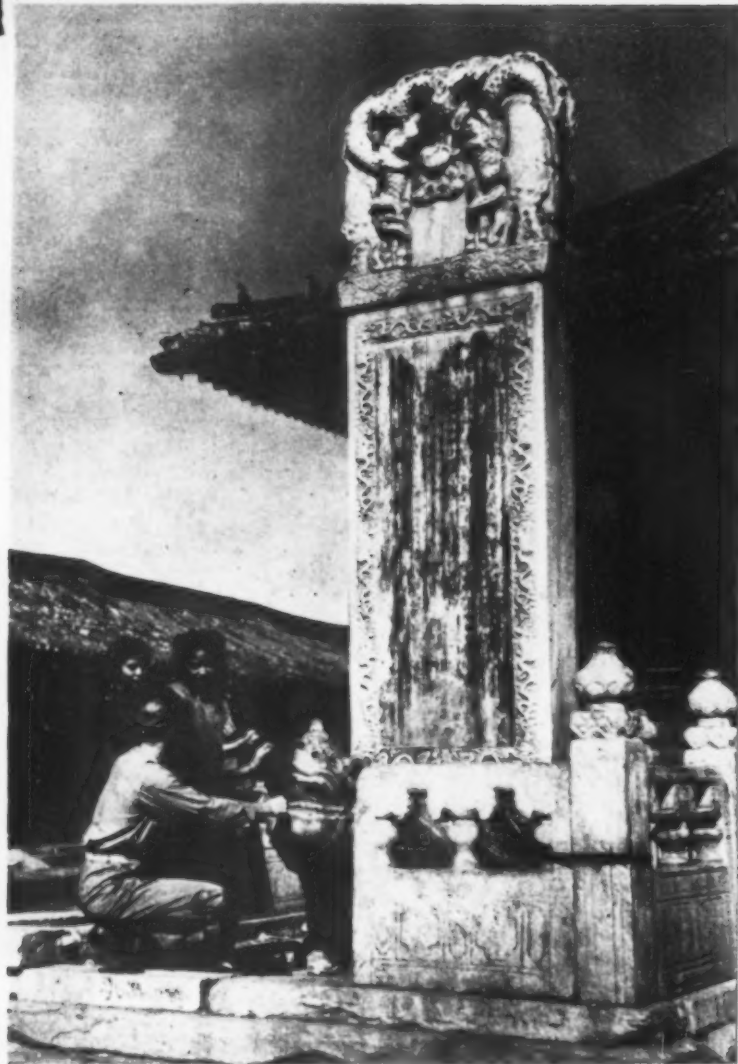
The curious delicacy of a pair of gnarled old trees was emphasized as the American posed with Chou, on the left, and Poa Poo at the right



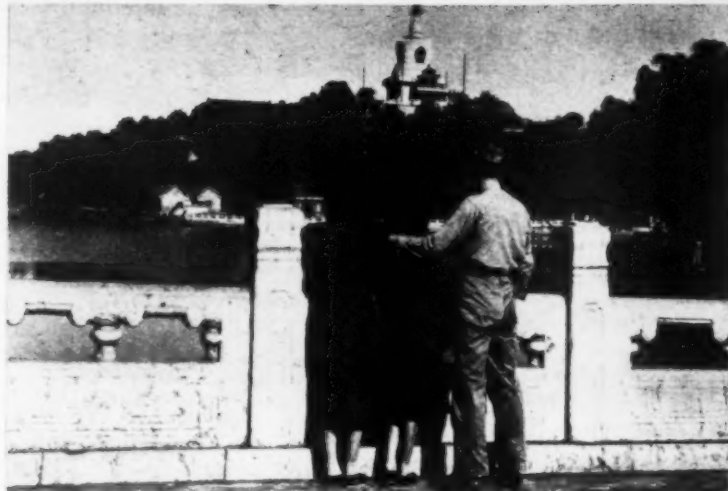
Goldfish in a huge bucket-like aquarium claimed the three sightseers' attention for a while. This time Poa Poo is in the middle of the group



Beginning to slow up a bit, Red at last sat down. Chou and Poa Poo, glad of a rest, took positions in a contraption known as a love seat



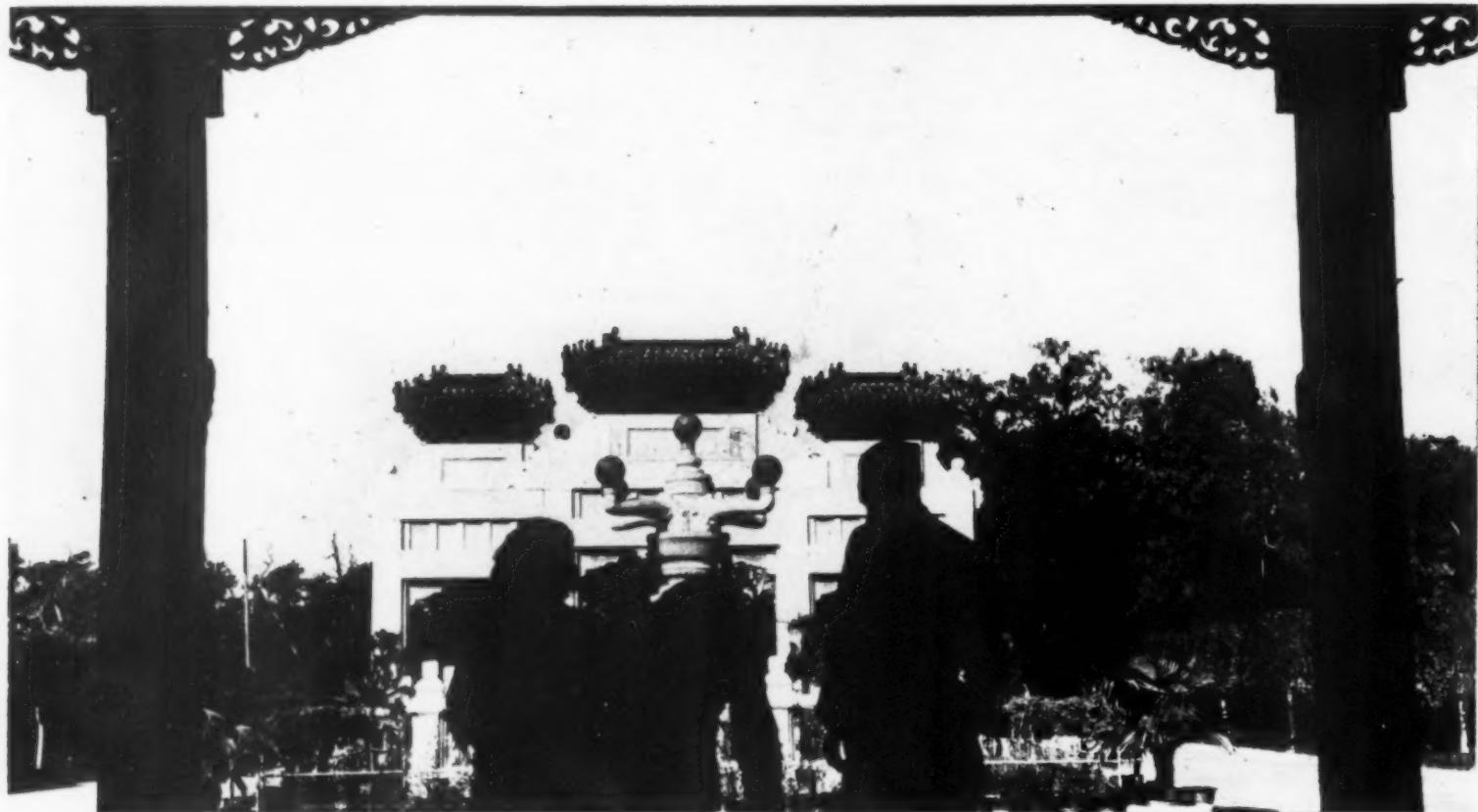
On the go again, Red and the girls visited the Bottle Pagoda. There a marble dragon intrigued Red, left Chou and Poa Poa comparatively cold



For a scenic view of the Bottle Pagoda the trio walked over to a bridge. Built in 1084, the pagoda is 270 feet high. It once was inlaid with jewels



Hungry enough to eat with chopsticks, Red took Poa Poa and Chou to dinner. The meal was varied, involved a great many dishes. Cost: \$5566



Refreshed by their repast, Red and the girls hurried over to take a stroll through Peking's Central Park. As they went through the gate

Poa Poa discovered a little remnant of food on her coat. A few dabs with a handkerchief borrowed from Red, however, made things right





All this walking around in Peking had its effect on the feet of the sightseers, and Poa Poa got sand in her slipper. Red got it out again



The three found time for a visit to the Old Observatory, many of whose astronomical instruments are of handsomely decorated bronze



**Even a liberty  
financed with \$17,596  
must come to an end.  
Red's was well spent**



On her feet once more, Poa Poa accompanied Chou and Red to a store. Red found the cloth there only fair, and bought merely \$5000 worth



Comfortably seated in Chou's home, Red entertains the girl's brother. The lad liked Red's cap, but nobody asked to wear his hot boondockers

# The Country's

# OPPORTUNITY



**By John Edgar Hoover**

Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation,  
United States Department of Justice

**A** FEW days ago an acquaintance asked me what I thought of the "veteran problem." "Let's not consider the veteran a problem," I replied. "He is this country's great opportunity, and we can depend upon him to link our present with America's golden future."

My friend agreed, and others have expressed the same sentiments. In fact, I believe that by far the majority of those whose wartime duties have kept them at home feel that way. You who have served and are still serving in answer to our country's urgent call may now realize how earnestly your nation wants you back and how badly we need you.

Things have not been the same since you went away. But the knowledge that you are coming back has brightened our homes and boosted our morale. Those who already have arrived are responsible for a surge of joy which is sweeping the nation. The faithful who have waited, with courage matching your own, share the ecstasy of every reunion. As you come back home in increasing numbers, America really is beginning to live again.

Adjustments to peacetime living will be necessary for us all. They are the fruits of victory. The responsibility for making these adjustments is shared by you and the civilian. We must work together as we have done to win the war, keeping in mind our sacred responsibility to the memory of those who died so that we could live as a free people.

I do not cherish the silly idea that most men and women of the armed services will become "problem children." I agree with the philosophy of those who have seen service and who say, "Just give us a chance, Brother, and see how quickly we can get back to being and acting like civilians."

The doleful predict that we shall require armies of psychoanalysts and other experts to handle individual veteran problems on a large scale. But I believe that our returning service men and women just want an opportunity to act normally. They desire to take up where they left off when the call to arms came, and let GI Joe revert quietly to John Q. Public.

Americans are not, by nature, warlike. This fine attribute will simplify the matter of restoring the veterans of World War II to their proper places in civilian society. For the veteran is a citizen who saw his duty, did it, and is now back where he prefers to be.

You know as well as I that a few pessimistic souls are forecasting an orgy of murders and other crimes when the veterans get home. Such thinking is a cowardly libel on the men who have done the dirty work in winning the war. It desecrates the memory of your buddies who cannot rise up from beneath their white crosses and come back home. I know that you have been taught to kill. You have killed thickly and efficiently because it was necessary and not because you enjoyed it. But you are glad it is over. You don't want to kill any more; you don't even want people to talk to you about it. You are anxious to forget what you have learned about the art of killing when you return to civilian life.

FBI agents and other law enforcement officers also are taught how to kill. But no one considers the retiring law enforcement officer more dangerous because of his experience or training. So we should not be concerned over the average veteran because he has squeezed a trigger as his sights rested on a German enemy, or has slipped up on a Jap in a jungle and has let him have it the silent way.

I do not mean to give the impression that we shall have no problems. In every group — doctors, lawyers, educators or any other you can name — there are a few weaklings. The same is true of the tremendous segment of our population which made up our armed might at its peak. These few are too weak of character to abide by the laws which have been enacted for the general good of society. But those who will cause the chief trouble would have been problems without the war. The strain of battle and the inability of some to accept discipline already have made weaknesses apparent in a few. Some others will crack up under the excitement and the responsibility of getting back to normal.

My optimism over prospects for the ready and orderly assimilation of the veteran into our peacetime society is based on more than hope.

**I** HAVE observed thousands of Marines and other service personnel enjoying week-end liberty in Washington and elsewhere. The conduct of these men and women in uniform has been impressively good. They have behaved themselves, enjoying dancing, the company of other young people, sightseeing and additional wholesome activities. I happened to be on the West Coast when the announcement came that the fighting had ceased in the Pacific. There was much thoughtless and some dangerous activity, but I noticed specifically that the men with the most ribbons on their chests were not participating in the reckless acts.

Another sound reason for optimism is our experience after the first World War. The pessimistic expected a gigantic wave of veteran crimes, but it did not develop. And it will not this time if the country provides adequate jobs for those who are leaving the armed services.

Every returning veteran has a right to expect a chance to work, and by his work provide a decent living for himself and his family. We are happiest

when we are busy, and the strain of long periods of enforced idleness can prove too much for the resistance of persons who otherwise never would have caused trouble.

It is encouraging to all of us, however, to see the job of reconversion tackled with the same vigor and determination which licked the gigantic problems of the war emergency. Our industrial fortress can perform two miracles instead of one.

Big jobs wait America's attention. Millions of homes must be built and thousands of miles of highways constructed. Rivers must be dammed and dust bowls converted into prosperous countrysides. Pent-up demands for automobiles, radios, washing machines and countless other necessities of modern comfortable living challenge our ingenuity. But we were less prepared for total war than we are for the adjustments necessary to achieve a more abundant life.

Millions of our young Americans donned uniforms and went away to war with the usual enthusiasm of youth. They are returning with equal enthusiasm for a long, long term of peaceful living. But now they are more mature. They are men whose citizenship has been tested and whose faith and loyalty have been demonstrated. They have a keen sense of responsibility and have developed a knowledge of how to discharge duties. Some will be welcomed to old positions. Others will have outgrown the limited requirements of former pursuits, but there will be work to match the ability and resourcefulness of all.

I believe we have a far greater reason to be apprehensive over the "bobby-soxer" and the junior "zoot-suiter" than the veteran. They are the Jane and Bill who have grown up since you went away. The war has been difficult for them, because they have found it harder to behave themselves.

During 1944, an estimated 1,393,665 major crimes were committed in the United States. That is at the rate of a major offense every 23 seconds. One out of every 22 persons has a fingerprint arrest record in our Identification Division. During the first half of 1945, as compared with the first six months of 1944, there were increases of 4.3 per cent in non-negligent killings, 9 per cent in rapes, 10 per cent in robberies, 12.1 per cent in burglaries, 11.3 per cent in aggravated assaults, 7.9 per cent in larcenies and 4.6 per cent in automobile thefts.

Of all those arrested during the first half of 1945, 21.4 per cent had not reached the age of 21. More 17-year-olds were taken into custody than any other age group. These figures, based upon fingerprint arrest cards, furnish ample grounds for apprehension. Every law enforcement officer knows that a person finds it much more difficult to behave himself after he has once been in trouble.

The Janes and Bills are not solely to blame for their increased rate of juvenile crime and delinquency. Wartime excitement has produced pressures and strains which some could not withstand.

In many homes, parents have been away so much discharging wartime duties that the youngsters have been deprived of the normal checks and restraints which are so necessary for the proper guidance of



adolescents. Others, too young for service but old enough to work, have fallen victim to the unscrupulous who care not how much they degrade a youngster just as long as they get his money.

This trend has been offset by alert and conscientious parents, ably seconded by the churches, schools, youth-serving organizations and law enforcement. But I think it is significant, too, that so many youngsters have gone into the Marines. At the time in life when they would have shown the greatest inclination to get into trouble, these boys have instead found "something to do" by joining the service which has written glorious new chapters into our history during the late war. Thousands of them have shouldered the responsibilities of manhood while their fellows lolled around unsavory joints and dreamed up mischief and crime with the mistaken belief that they were having fun.

Seventeen is a critical age during which youngsters are trying to find out if they "belong." It is fine to train them, particularly along the lines which have made your Corps famous for discipline and morale. A 17-year-old becomes a man when you let him know he is pulling his full load. Although not completely mature, as we count things, who would dare say that a 17-year-old Marine is not doing a man-sized job? And when he returns to civilian life, he will have reason to appreciate the fine effects of the Marine discipline, emphasis on good health habits



**J. Edgar Hoover,  
head of the FBI,  
says returning  
veterans will make  
America live again**



and general training. No one will ever know how many youngsters have been saved from pitfalls by these fine influences.

The problem of misbehaving juveniles is one which the returning veteran must shoulder with us. There is grave danger that many of today's delinquents will develop into hardened criminals. We must do everything possible to avoid a recurrence of those fearsome days when there was doubt whether law and order would win out over gangland.

Men and women back from the war can and should be influential not only in the field of juvenile problems but in all others involving civic welfare. When they return to their home communities, the veterans should take a real part in the operation of schools, churches, veterans' organizations and public offices, including law enforcement.

I have noticed that some of our finest and most able returning veterans are rather shy and self-effacing. This modesty is a fine attribute, but to allow a sense of false modesty to prevent full participation in all our civilian affairs would be a tragic loss to our country. Unless the men and women who won the war assert themselves and step into positions of leadership where they are needed, there is danger that the demagogues and professional patriots will crowd in and will be mistaken for persons of true worth. I hope the real heroes of this war will not stand aside for these loud talkers, nor permit them to grab control of affairs they are not competent to manage.

In asserting themselves, the veterans should do so as wide-awake, level-headed citizens who know the value of our American way of life because they fought for its perpetuation. Law enforcement is the protector of American liberties and traditions in war and in peace, so we need your help. There are many vacancies in our ranks which require men of courage, honesty and persistence. Ours is not a high-paying profession, but there is much compensation in the satisfaction of serving.

Those who may not wish to follow the profession have the opportunity to give their active cooperation to honest and competent officers, so that we shall be able to do an even better job. We of the FBI have found daily inspiration throughout the emergency in the fine and unselfish cooperation of loyal Americans everywhere. Many organizations, particularly the American Legion, have contributed unstintingly toward our efforts. We were joined together on the home front against those of our enemies who tried to penetrate our closest defenses and attack from within. The fact that espionage was under control throughout the war and that we had no cases of enemy-directed sabotage during the entire emergency speaks eloquently in any evaluation of the importance of citizen cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

While the fighting has ended on all fronts, and victory is just as glorious as we knew it would be, we shall be foolish indeed if we expect the enemies of democracy to disappear forever. It is well for us all to remember that citizen complacency prior to the war emergency allowed the growth of dangerous ideologies in our midst. These foreign doctrines and the organizations which sprung from them threatened the very existence of our free government.

I believe we shall have to depend upon the veterans to keep alert for these enemies who work quietly to take advantage of the liberties which they themselves would deny to others. We can be sure our foes will try a comeback, and their goal will be the destruction of the rights and privileges which you have protected by your personal contribution to our victory.

I realize, of course, that returning servicemen will have individual problems. Some have been disabled for life and others must spend weary months regaining their health. If you happen to be such a veteran, remember that every real American deeply appreciates your sacrifices. Care and assistance most certainly will be provided for those who require it. And we have a similar obligation to the

widows and orphans of your buddies who won't come back.

The return to civilian life, however joyous, may present dangers. There are a craven few who are waiting to grab your savings and convert them to their own uses. Many of these scavengers put up convincing stories of great opportunities, but you will find that they always want to operate with your money.

In our work, we have experienced difficulty with operators of fake civil service schools who give the impression of government approval and connection without actually saying so; with operators of "schools" which take a lot of money for a minimum amount of practically worthless specialized training, with impersonators and confidence men promoting various fraudulent schemes, and other racketeers whose palms itch to get into your pockets.

While peace has brought its problems, they are not problems of the veterans and problems of civilians as separate groups. All of us, as Americans, must stand shoulder to shoulder and solve them as successfully as we did the difficulties of war.

America knows that her fighting men do not want something for nothing. Back from the distant battle zones, you will ask only the opportunity to work and act like normal, law-abiding citizens. We are determined that you shall have this chance. Given it, I am confident that the men and women who won the war will lead our nation onward to an even greater future.

END

# O.P. AT NAHA

THE Observation Post overlooking Naha was a good one. The new Lieutenant noticed how the rocks had been placed carefully around the outer side of the OP facing the rocky gorge to the front, so as to provide maximum cover and concealment from the enemy. The General made little grunting noises as he strove to see through the small rock opening. It was getting dark.

"Who was it that said 'Oh! for two hours more of daylight!'" the General asked the Colonel of the Regiment.

"I forget, General," the Colonel replied.

He was awaiting his turn to look through the opening. The firing from the rocky gorge ahead was heavy. It was too heavy, the Colonel was thinking, too heavy for 1830, just before darkness settled. The whole damned attack was getting under way too late. The "hot tanks" had long since secured. His troops needed those flame-throwers down in the gorge.

The boy with the SCR-300 radio remembered it was Napoleon at Waterloo who had said "Oh! for two hours more of daylight!" The kid had been on duty in the OP since 0400 the previous morning. He was tired. He wondered if the 10-in-1 rations had reached the CP down in the valley behind them.

The kid was a PFC. He was getting pretty tired of the plugs in his ears. He looked at the bloody helmet in the corner of the cleared space they used as the OP. The toe of the General's boot had half-tipped the helmet so the kid could see the blood that caked the inside of the helmet liner. He thought back over the events of that morning.

The Lieutenant wasn't doing anything important in the OP. His attention wandered from watching the face of the Colonel to looking at the kid. He caught the expression of the kid's face and followed his gaze. He saw the bloody helmet under the General's boot.

The General grunted and pushed himself crab-fashion, back from the aperture in the rocks. The Colonel looked at him. The General shook his head.

"It's not so good, Ben," he said, "our people haven't got into contact with the Pioneers on the left. Come on, let's take a look from that machine gun position."

The two officers left the OP. It was necessary for them to crawl for a short distance until they reached the path leading to the valley behind the position. The Lieutenant looked at the kid with the radio and jerked his head toward the bloody helmet.

"Somebody catch it up here today?" he asked.

"Yessir," the kid said, stretching his neck with a tired movement of his shoulders. The plugs hurt his ears, but he wasn't going to take his helmet off.

"Yessir," he continued, "the guy who relieved me for chow this morning wanted to take a look through the hole, like the General just did, and 'All-day Charlie' put one right through his eye. It came out here."

The kid touched the side of his own helmet.

"Who's 'All-day Charlie'?" the Lieutenant asked.

"He's a Nip sniper who lays one up here just about every time one of us gets up," the kid said.

The Lieutenant remembered how much the General and the Colonel had moved around in the OP.

The kid seemed to read the Lieutenant's mind.

"Somehow they never seem to hit Generals," the kid said.

LIEUT. WALTER Y. BROOKS



by PFC Gunther Gherkin\*

"It is time for me to go to the bath. Would you care to join me?", Tokyo Tulip asked

I'M THROUGH with Japan forever. These people are too tricky. First they invent a fine custom like mixed bathing, and they then do it in boiling water. Personally, I'm against mixed bathing. I think it is indecent, primitive and savage, and, unless they start using cooler water, I'll never do it again. I'll just stand outside and look in like the other Marines.

Well, there I was, resting comfortably in my Okinawan tomb studying to be a ghost writer, when some Marine said the war was over and I could come out. I brushed the dust from my clothes, unfastened a habu from my leg where it insisted on dining, and came out to take part in the victory celebration. I got through that with minor wounds and was ready for the big ceremony.

Such a to-do I'd never seen before. People shining their bars and leaves and stars and sewing their chevrons on straight, and practicing before mirrors to get that stern, conquering hero look. And sitting all day with pen and paper, signing their names over and over again, to see which flourish would look best in the newsreels.

There was one person in particular. He kept writing "JOHN HANCOCK" in letters a foot high, and snarling, "There, bad King George III, I guess you'll be able to read that without your glasses." Then, after all that practice, they told me I wasn't going to sign the surrender.

Well, I went back to my tomb and sulked for a day or two and decided if I couldn't sign the surrender I wouldn't give up to the Japs like the rest, but keep on fighting to the end.

Later I was called in by a high officer. A very high officer. He stood at least six feet, four.

"Gherkin," he said, "we have a dangerous secret assignment for you in Japan. We want you to find and interview Tokyo Tulip, the femme fatale of the kilocycles. The girl with the kamikaze voice."

"Chief," I said. "You couldn't have asked a better man. What do you want me to do when I find this woman?"

"Not what you are leering about," he said sternly. "You must get information from her. Find out everything she knows. Do you think you can handle her?"

She's a dangerous woman."

"I'll handle it, Chief," I said tersely. "It will just be another case of Atom and Eve."

"Good," he said. "I knew we could count on you."

"Any time," I said. "But if you're through counting, would you mind erasing the numbers off my face. Figures make me dizzy. Especially those with curves, like that eight."

"That's no figure eight," he snarled. "You are looking at a picture of the woman I love."

"Ah yes," I sighed. "I saw that issue of *The Leatherneck* too."

A few hours later a plane had carried me to Yokosuka, Japan, which is only a bomb's throw from Tokyo. We landed on the strip and rolled past great numbers of Jap war-planes. I saw so many meat balls I felt like a spaghetti dinner.

As I stepped out of the plane a Jap walked up and presented me with a samurai sword. He was so nervous he presented the wrong end, and it took a little while to get the blade out of me and reversed, so I could accept it correctly.

My very first thought was of the work ahead of me. I wanted to see Japan as it really is — or was before we started dropping bombs. I wanted to get at the heart of this Oriental nation, to learn their way of thought and life. I sought out a Jap who spoke a little English.

"Tell me," I said. "How can I find the nearest geisha house?"

"Don't bother me!" he cried. "Can't you see I'm busy?" He turned away mumbling, "The correct way to commit hara-kiri is to insert the sword, cut

# NIPPED in the BUD

**Tokyo Tulip, Witch of the  
Wireless, gets our hero  
into some very hot water**

to the right, then down . . . no, cut to the left and then up . . . no . . . cut up . . . oh dear, I should have paid more attention to the instructions that came with the sword. I guess I'll just have to abandon the project and sell souvenirs to the Americans."

I saw that I would have to go my way alone. That night I set out on the most difficult assignment of my career — to find Tokyo Tulip, the Witch of the Wireless, and the (something or other) of Broadcasting. I put a pair of chop sticks in my pocket, buckled on my cutlass and saw that my powder horn was full. Then, coonskin cap low over my eyes, I started out.

In a little while I was in the center of a small



Japanese city. I went silently down the dark streets, keeping to the shadows. All around me I heard the babble of a foreign tongue. It was English.

Suddenly I felt an arm on my shoulder. It was my own. It grows there. That reassured me, so I continued my quest for Tokyo Tulip. I stepped into a dark doorway and seized a Japanese.

"Do you speak English?" I questioned, twisting his arm so it wasn't so tight across my throat.

"Of course," he said. "Don't you ever attend the cinema? If you did you would know that all Japanese spend four years at an American University taking pictures of the Grand Canyon. Shall I complete the picture and hiss at you?"

He made a noise like a startled snake.

"Now are you satisfied?"

"Rather, let us say informed," I answered. "After all, I just got here."

At that moment the night air was filled with the sound of someone playing a samisen, and a female voice was lifted in song. I say lifted because no voice like that could ever get up by itself. It sounded like the mating call of a tone deaf newt.

"Whazzat?" I said.

"That is Tokyo Tulip," he said. "The girl with the kamikaze voice. She is singing the favorite song of our suicide pilots—'Carry Me Baka to Old Virginny.'"

I approached the house, removed my shoes, and knocked on the door, putting my fist through it several times. Then the whole side of the house slid back and I was confronted by a beautiful woman in a silk kimono.

"Ikura..." I began, and then, remembering my assignment, I said, "Tokyo Tulip, I presume."

"What do you wish, strange and stupid one?" she asked in a husky tone. "How do you like my program? I'm being sponsored by the Rising Sun Soft Soap Company. Will Taro marry Tami? Will Yoshiaki commit hara-kiri? Who is the mysterious stranger with the eagle, anchor and globe?"

"Madame," I said, "I would like to ask you a few questions. Where can we talk?"

"Come inside," she said. "Will you have a cup of tea? Do you take one or two lumps of opium in your pipe? How do you like our Japanese women and where our tall buildings used to be? What other questions do you want to ask?"

I sat cross-legged on the floor. "Comfy little joint you have here," I said.

"I like it," she smiled. "I was going to build an additional room or two, but paper has been so scarce."

"How true," I agreed sadly. "Especially the one that has to do with going back to civilian life. You know, madame, I can't get over the feeling that we have met in the past. Were you ever in Kobe, Nagasaki or Urakawa?"

"No," she said. "Were you ever in Boston, Los Angeles or Texas?"

"No," I admitted. "But something about you is very familiar."

"Perhaps," she said, "it is that I am a woman"

"No," I said. "Something more than that."

"But Gunthair," she protested. "What more is there?"

"You know my name," I gasped. "How..."

"Do you not remember?" she sighed. "Those gay mad days in Beaufort..."

"The Baroness," I breathed. "The Baroness de la Bronx, international spy and figure of intrigue."

"Yes," she said. "But let's change that to read intriguing figure. Don't you think?"

"That's all I can do," I said. "But you—a spy—a traitress, an actress..."

"It was my duty," she said. "I was not really working for the Japanese. I was actually hired to come here by a newspaper syndicate in America to supply data for their comic strip artists."

"I'm glad, Baroness," I said. "Glad."

"And now," she said brightly, "Shall we have a glass of sake for old times sake?"

"You know me," I laughed. "Just an old sake hound. I'll vote for the beverage plan every time."

She brought out the materials and we lifted our glasses. She looked better without them.

"For goodness sake," she toasted.

"You sake the high road and I'll sake the low road," I responded gallantly, and imbibed the fire.

After a few drinks I finally got up courage to approach Tokyo Tulip on the question that GHQ had sent me to Japan to find an answer to.

"Baroness," I said. "I have a very important question to ask you. Military men have been debating it ever since the war started, and I have been instructed to get the official answer."

"What is it?" she asked. "I'll be glad to answer if I can."

I took another gulp of sake. "Well, it's... that is, I'm supposed to find out..." I groped for words, and the Baroness gave me a curious glance.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "we could discuss the question where it is more comfortable. It is time for me to go to the bath. Would you care to join me?"

"If you wish... WHAT?!!?"

"It is the custom here for men and women to bathe together," she said.

"Well," I said. "Don't look now, but you've got another customer."

"We sit around and bathe and relax and talk," she explained. "It is quite stimulating."

"That I'll wager it is," I said. "That I'll wager it is. Sit and talk, eh? Well, here comes a filibuster."

As we walked down the street a sudden thought struck me. "I'm afraid I can't go," I said. "I forgot my trunks."

She gave a silvery laugh. "You're still the silly boy you used to be," she said. "We don't wear anything."

"Silly boy I used to be," I sweated. "But today I am a man."

As we walked along, I noticed that an American was an object of great curiosity to these people. They came up close and stared at my face, my clothes, my hair and everything about me. Then they discussed what they saw. As we approached the bath house, I began to see where the immediate future might prove very embarrassing. "Go away," I said. "Go away, you people." But the crowd kept getting thicker and thicker.

"Baroness," I said in desperation. "I don't think..."

"You had some important question?" she smiled. "Your duty demands that you stay with me, and get the answer. You could be court-martialed for turning back now."

"And divorced for going ahead," I groaned.

"I'm going in to the women's dressing room," the Baroness said. "You go in with the men, leave your clothes in a basket and we'll meet at the pool."

Never in all my career had I been in such a tight spot.

Dozens of Japanese men were standing around waiting for me to take off my clothes and join them. On the other side of the partition I could hear the women chattering and giggling.

"Fellers," I said, coughing, "I've got a little cold. I don't think I'll go in today."

They set up such a howl and to-do that I hastily stripped off my khaki. I turned toward the pool and closed my eyes. Then, as one walks to the electric chair, I walked to the water.

I heard the Baroness gasp and say, "Gunthair, since when has the Marine Corps issued red flannels?"

Before I could answer I was in the water. It bubbled and boiled around my ears, and, as I began to cook, someone threw in a few carrots and stirred me around with a big ladle.

It was only a moment before I lost consciousness, and when I regained my senses I was back in the home of the Baroness, lying on a huge plate surrounded by baked potatoes and peas.

"I'm sorry I can't stay for dinner," I said weakly, but we're having K rations at the barracks, and the cook is expecting me."

Despite the protests of the hungry guests, I staggered out of the house and back to the base.

\*SGT. HENRY FELSEN  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

# Swabbie Sacrifice



Dear Frank:

There is this certain bartender back there in the States who has got about four out of five chances to stay healthy. He is a long shot only he does not know it. What a setup. I do not know this Joe and he not me. Yet if he gets it I am the guy which gives it to him. I do not know his name so I will just call him Eddie because most of the keeps I know is Eddie.

Here I am battling the breeze with my buddy, who is also from Brooklyn, when this swabbie kid walks up with a handful of these here grenades. Five of them. "Hey Marine," he says, "can you take the charges out of these gizmos for me?" This kid tells he me has got a barkeep friend he wants to play a trick on when he is home by pulling the pin on the dummy and scaring his pal a little. This is a pretty good gag. My buddy once does this to a second louie and scares him into making head runs for a week. My buddy says it is worth the month he spends in the brig.

So I says, sure kid. So I disarm four of the grenades and am ready to unscrew the fifth when this Nip plane pays us a visit. Me and my buddy streak for our foxhole and flatten ourselves against the bulkhead on the side from which the Nip is coming. I learn long ago it is the best policy to do this. Some guys are not cautious about things like that. Me, I am.

In the end they gets this Nip and I climb out to finish my job. The swabbie is gone. You see what I mean Frank? I do not do a thing but a favor for a swabbie and here I am worrying like hell about knocking off Eddie which he is no doubt a happy Joe and a good bartender with nothing against nobody. A marked man and I'm the guy putting the mark on him.

I think seriously of seeing some brass with the story. But it does not surprise me if there is not some regulation in the book which says you are not supposed to go around taking charges out of grenades for a joke. I will gladly go to the brig if it will help Eddie, but I cannot see how this will keep him from being a corpus delecti pretty soon.

Your brother,  
Mike

Dear Frank:

Thanks for your letter giving me advice what to do. You got good scoop there. I am going to follow it, only something happens. They call me one night and tell me I'm going home on points. I got to be squared away to go aboard ship in a couple or three hours. So I cannot go to my CO and tell him the situation because I am very busy packing.

Well, I get aboard. I think of how the first thing I am going to drop into Krinsjkys tavern over on Trenton street. Which starts me off on Eddie again. That is bad. It's spoiling my whole trip.

About three days out I take a breather along the deck when I run smack into this swabbie. Before I can say anything he tells me about the medal. He won it with the grenades. He is coxswain of a landing boat one night when a couple of hundred yards from his ship he runs into a Jap suicide boat. The Nips are looking for bigger game but the swabbie starts heaving his grenades. One, two, three, four. Nothing happens. But the fifth goes whoop and the guy's a hero.

So Eddie can relax now. So can I.  
Your brother,  
Mike

—PFC MILTON BURNS

# Gunny Curtis



Curtis pushed the plunger home, and the greatest sprint in Greek history was on

## The Gunny was in the wrong war, but there was plenty of action in Greece

**I**F THIS one had not happened in the spring of '44, we'd swear that Hemingway used it as the plot in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." For it is the story of Gunnery Sergeant Tom Curtis, demolitions expert, and he did blow a strategic bridge, just as in the famous story. The setting was Greece instead of Spain, and there was no sleeping bag, no lovely Maria involved, but in almost every other particular the exploit of Gunny Curtis matched that of literature's Robert Jordan.

Curtis, now a warrant officer, has been a Marine for 11 years. The six-footer was considerably annoyed, back in '42, when the First Division went overseas without him, because he had been teaching beachhead tactics for two years. He was more upset, and saddened, when he heard about the Guadal turbulence and the death of his former CO, famed

Colonel Frank Goettge. Finally, after repeated requests, Curtis was shipped out. In the excitement of departure he overlooked the fact that he was being routed to the wrong war.

After a stop in Oran, the Gunny and several other American specialists sailed to Cairo, where they were given the scoop. Their mission was to proceed to Greece and assist guerrillas in harassing the Nazi-Bulgarian army of occupation. After weeks of preparation, which included intense briefing on maps and mastery of the sailing technique on Greek caiques

(fishing craft), the band of specialists sailed away for a rendezvous.

On May 11, the seven demolition experts landed on Nazi-held territory and made their way inland to guerrilla headquarters. They were warmly welcomed and spent the first two weeks preparing for the initial assignment, which was the blowing of two important bridges. The Marine Sergeant was placed in command of one party and completed his plans while Nazi patrols roamed around the mountain hideout.

Early in June, this Marine, who was deep in the heart of the wrong war, set out to put the whammy on the bridge. He was armed with two revolvers, a carbine, and several large bags of explosives. With him were 36 Partisans, also loaded with explosives, and 12 other men to assist in the actual planting of the charges.

The Gunny admits that he doped off at this point. Instead of setting his outposts from the bridge and having them radiate to their assigned points, he set them in perimeter formation. The flaw in strategy did not show up immediately, for the Partisans overpowered the bridge guards and began mining the hundred-foot span. They were busy at this delicate task when rifle shots began to whine and ricochet off the steel girders.

Curtis and his men dropped their dangerous burdens with considerable agility and scrambled for cover. In the battle that followed, they killed several of the intruders and finally the Nazi reconnaissance patrol withdrew. The action had taken place in a deep gorge, and, although they were temporarily safe, Curtis knew the Krauts would soon be back in strength.

So, busy as men can get when they know one well-placed rifle shot will blow them to oblivion, Gunnery Sergeant Curtis and his dynamiters tackled the bridge again. The explosives were placed and tamped securely, and wires were strung to the detonator. Because it was a pressure project, Curtis cut the fuse time from nine to three minutes. That was shaving it fine, allowing only three minutes for 49 men to get clear, but it had to be done. When they were ready, Curtis banged the plunger home, and the greatest middle-distance sprint in modern Greek history was under way.

The Gunny had done his work well. The explosion shook the wooded hills, and the huge bridge went skyward as one unit, lifting and twisting high in the air. The flame of the exploding charge was visible for 20 miles, and a shower of debris rained down for several minutes after it was over. Hemingway would have gnawed his beard with envy.

Mission completed, the little band faded into the woods like smoke. Back at headquarters, the goat-skin wine bags were passed around, thus proving that the Greeks really do have a word for it. To his chagrin, Curtis learned that a troop train had passed over the doomed bridge only a few minutes before his arrival. Like all perfectionists, the Gunny was dreaming of the bridge going up and wearing the train full of Krauts like a necklace. You can't have everything, however, and the mission was a complete success, since the other group had also knocked out their bridge.

From this project, the small group of American and Greek guerrillas went on to others. They harassed Nazi transport and patrols, and left a wide, crippling swathe of destruction behind them. The nature of the work called for foraging on the land, so their principal fare was black bread, goat's milk, strong cheese, and stronger wine. Occasionally the roving wreckers would slaughter a goat and glut themselves on fresh meat. Curtis smilingly remarks that the wine, mixed with a native tree resin, was about 150 octane.

Most of the action took place in the Evros River section. While it was going on, the Marine was ambushed several times but fought his way out. Once his fishing boat was strafed by several Messerschmitts. Another time, his vessel encountered a small fleet of German E Boats and had to radio for help. Hidden behind a small peninsula jutting out into the Aegean Sea, Gunny Curtis and his mates had the satisfaction of watching speedy MTB's (motor torpedo boats) rout the tiny German armada.

Now that the post-war bull sessions are going full blast, Tom Curtis has one big strike on the gumbeaters. They can yarn all they want to about the Pacific operations, but Warrant Officer Curtis can always sneer and inquire how much Greek duty they put in. He is one of the few Marines to see action in the wrong war, and behind enemy lines at that. Even without a goatskin wine bag, he can still be persuaded to reminisce on the lovely way Greek bridges go upstairs.

END

by TSgt. Arthur E. Mielke

USMC Combat Correspondent



# HOW TO BE A FATHER in 10 Easy Lessons

Or, the girls we left behind have post-war plans, too

**W**OMEN in Great Britain, some of whose husbands have been overseas as long as five years, now are making reservations in maternity hospitals nine and 10 months ahead of time. But do not snicker. Every American city is predicting an increase in the local birth rate. Whether or not they are going too far with post-war planning is beside the point. You, the returning service man, are a very important part in this plot to lower big income taxes by raising little exemptions.

With the welfare of Marines at heart, as usual, the *Leatherneck* herewith presents 10 easy lessons on how to be a father:

1 —

2 — Now that was easy, wasn't it? Lesson Two has to do with recognizing the symptoms. Mathematics, like "30 days hath September, April, June etc.," has a lot to do with it, but the usual procedure is for the wife to break out in a rash — of knitting. When she holds up a bootie, don't say "What in the hell is that?" Sit back and relax. From here on in you are just along for the ride.

3 — At this stage comes the problem of morning sickness, which is a misnomer, being prevalent mornings, afternoons and evenings. There is nothing you can do about it. Your wife will appear quite well one minute, and the next she will be making a bee-line for that place. You aren't immune, either. Many men have morning sickness, and any time of day or night, too.

Some women will become violently ill upon hearing a song they had heard in a restaurant weeks before. Certain food odors will do the trick. This can become a financial booby trap, because if she becomes ill while preparing dinner, the only remedy is to dine out. Don't become alarmed if your wife develops a strange craving for strawberries, ice cubes or pickled pig's feet. She just has to have them. And if it's four a.m. you will be getting them.

4 — There's the item of bills. These have a nomenclature foreign to that of the Corps. If you have been planning on an All-American quarterback, don't scream at paying a couple of bucks for a future infant's dress. They all wear dresses for a while.

You know what a diaper is, but are you acquainted with bathinettes? A crib, for instance, is a small bed with high sides, not, as you might think, a storage box or brothel. A baby is an appetite, open at both ends, and both extremities require things you have never heard of before.

5 — Naturally you expect your first born to be a man child, being yourself a rugged, He-Marine. You will find it a temptation to pick up some easy cash. It's an even money and take-your-choice bet, and not even the doctor can tell until it's too late to call all bets off.

6 — Being responsible for all this, you, the father-to-be, will be required to take your wife to the doctor, perhaps once a month. This, too, is an experience; for the first time in years you won't have to cough. It's your wife he is interested in, how much she is gaining, how she feels.

You might gain more than your wife does, and lose exactly what you have gained two weeks after the child is born. Being a father is worrisome that way. Towards the end of confinement, which means "Watch out, men, the stork is on the way," keep the car filled with gas. False labor pains will upset your already upset life. But when the real thing

starts, don't look in a book called "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes," just get going. Babies have been born on sidewalks, in taxi cabs, in ambulances and other quite unexpected places.

7 — So now it's B day, the one you've been waiting on for nine months. It is different to all men. That girl in the delivery room is going through more than any man ever does. A lot of things can happen, and you will think of every one of them. This is one time where a fellow realizes how useless and helpless he can be. All you can do is sweat it out. And pray.

Some hospitals will let you stay in the delivery room. Like "no man's land," it is no place to be. Doctors and nurses have no time to fool with you. If you pass out they will have to kick you under a table. One or two hospitals have solved this problem by installing public address systems over which the doctor can tell anxious husbands what progress is being made.

When you hear a spanking sound, a lusty yell of protest — what a beautiful sound that will be. It means everything is okay. The doctor will come out in person to tell you "It's a boy."

8 — Cigars and drinks now are in order, and in large orders. Unless you expect to spend the rest of your wedded life in purgatory, however, don't get crocked and forget to visit the little woman as soon as possible. Don't forget the flowers. Don't forget to fill in and mail the announcements.

9 — This lesson has to do with the nomenclature and operation of the diaper. When mother and child return home, you will be playing second fiddle, because the care of infants is a science in itself. You will graduate from just standing around to holding the baby. One great day you will, because of circumstances beyond your own or the baby's control, have to change a diaper. This requires: one (1) diaper, squared or triangled; one (1) or two (2) safety pins; some powder or corn starch, and the patience of a sniper.

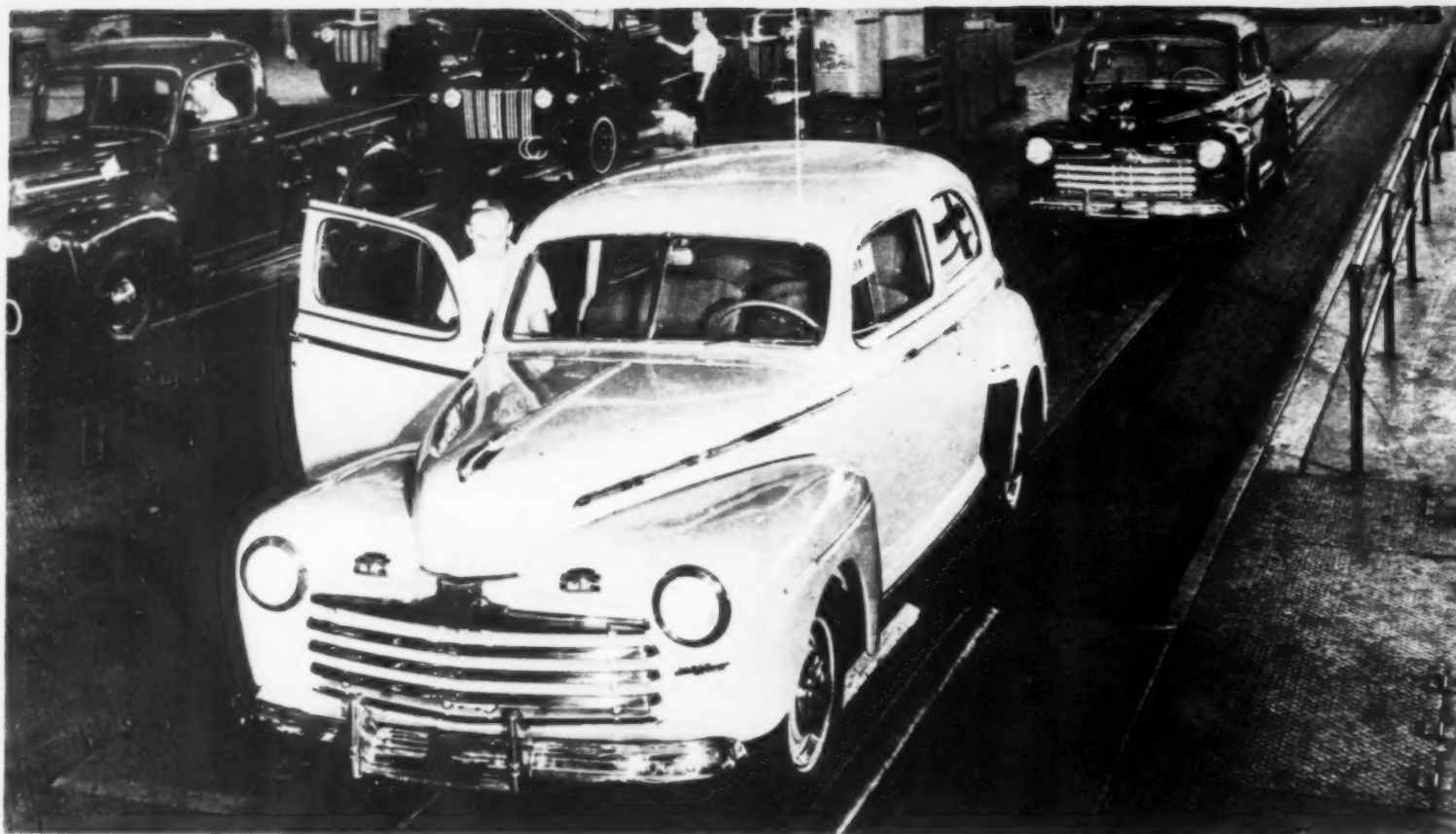
Since babies come in two models you will find, by deduction, that diapers come in two models, on the double fold, that is. If you don't know what we mean, ask your wife. First remove the now useless garment. Police the area. Apply powder. Lift offspring gently and insert clean diaper. Apply safety pins — into the cloth, not the baby or yourself. When you have finished, stand back to admire your handiwork and stand by for another round.

10 — Child psychology, into which you will delve desperately, is the science of trying to keep up with your son. It can't be done. Example: A pre-Pearl Harbor father, not yet drafted, was asked by his 5-year-old pride and joy, "What are you going to be when you grow up, Daddy? A soldier or a sailor?" And after the same father joined the Marines, the same lad asked, "Is it true that you are the lowest man in the Marine Corps?" Any comebacks to the foregoing cracks will be greatly appreciated.

Brush up on the stories about the cabbages, the bees and the butterflies. They'll come in handy when Junior develops an active interest in the girl next door. More important, watch to see if he starts off with his left foot, in which case lock him in the closet for three days. If he ever says he wants to become a Marine, bash his head in and start all over again.

PFC LEONARD RIBLETT  
Leatherneck Staff Writer





The war's end found many hurdles in the path of reconversion, but automobiles once again are rolling off assembly lines in most of the

nation's major factories. These are the new Ford passenger cars and trucks, which have been changed little over 1942's to speed production

# Chromium Crop for 1946

**Y**OUR new car, if you can get one, will be a 1942 model with this year's fancy trimmings. Like the wife or girl you left behind, it will have the same chassis, but in a new dress.

Mechanically it will be an improved car. The industry is installing improvements developed during three years of building vehicles that had to stand up under the rigors of a mobile war. The "dreamobiles" are coming, but later — after the rush to replace worn-out automobiles has subsided.

Reconversion, which has been delayed somewhat by labor's growing pains, is a scramble to set up assembly lines in time to cut in on an enormous market. There's a lot of money to be spent, and automobiles have been going off the road at an estimated rate of 4000 daily.

Most manufacturers have refurbished their 1942 models with new grilles designed to give them lower

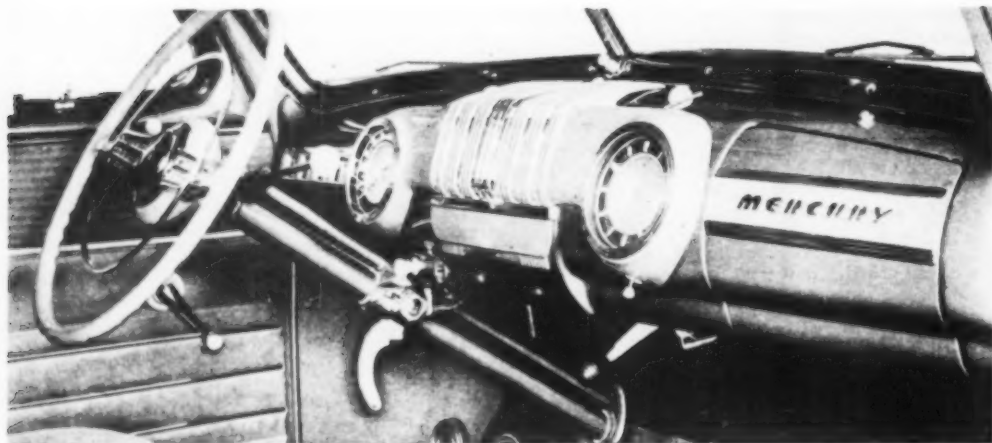
and wider lines. Call it an optical illusion in chromium. Other changes are negligible. Hood emblems are different. There are prettier ring horns on steering wheels, new name plates and larger figures on instrument panels. Radically changed models require new stamps and new tools. If manufacturers wait for these they will miss out on the current market.

The only really new model announced by late fall was a Sportsman's convertible by Ford, a blending of the station wagon and the conventional convertible. While it's a beauty, it will go into limited production only.

All manufacturers are claiming new fuel economy, longer life for motors, greater riding comfort and added beauty.

But it all adds up to the same thing! A 1942 model with a 1946 slicking up.

**PFC LEONARD RIBLETT**  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



Does this look familiar? It should, being the dashboard of the 1946 Mercury. The few changes include larger figures on instrument panels, more chrome, redesigned horn ring, larger name plate



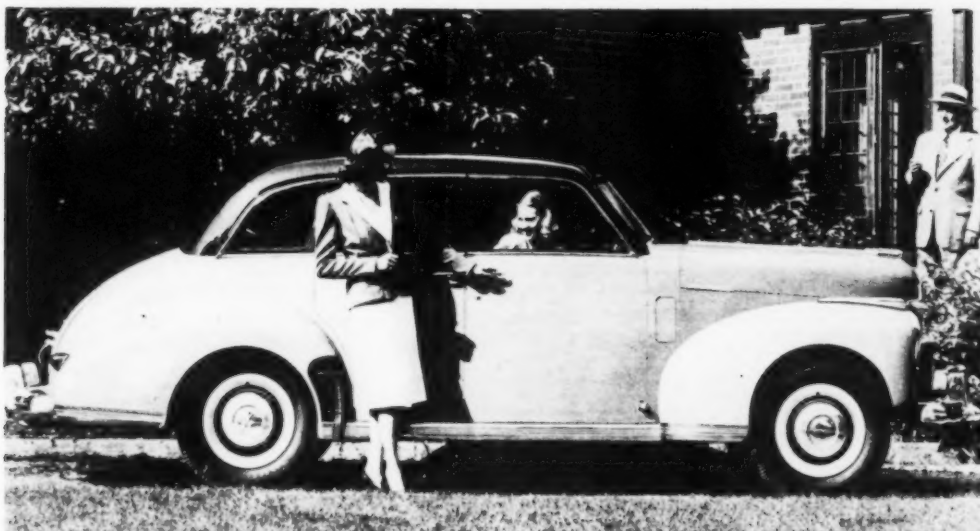
This is the Nash, illustrating the flare for larger grilles and bumpers in this year's cars





Hudson offers this model, which Orville Wright, who invented the airplane, and Col. H. Nelson Jackson, right, first to drive an auto across the country, are inspecting. This, too, is a 1942 model dressed up

**The 1946 car is an optical illusion because under all that chrome is the old 1942 bus**



Studebaker offers this as the 1946 Champion, and emphasizes that it will have luxurious interior appointments and improved riding qualities. Four body types in many colors will be ready soon



The 1946 Mercury features die cast vertical louvers extending across the front. A heavier, lower appearance is enhanced by a middle insert in the hood. The hood ornament also has been changed

END

## SOUVENIR SHOT



THE kid stopped by the Jap Language Officer's foxhole. He was on his way back up to the front lines; he said, but he wanted to get some souvenirs approved and stamped. He was one of the Engineers attached to the Sixth Division. His outfit had been blasting shut some of the bypassed caves in Okinawa's Makabe sector.

To get his souvenirs he had braved nauseous odors in a Jap cavern, risking the possibility of getting a burst of Nambu in the belly.

He was particularly proud of a Jap Luger-type pistol. He pointed out its clean lines, its lack of blemishes. He demonstrated the perfect balance of the weapon, standing up to do it. His audience was sitting around with legs dangling over the edge of the foxhole.

Earlier that morning a few stray rounds had gone over their heads from the direction of Hill 362, where the Fourth Marines had launched an attack. The hill was 1300 yards away and the strays, nearly spent, only whistled softly. They did not split the air with a crack, like bullets will at the peak of velocity. Everyone had kept their heads down, though.



A lieutenant among the foxhole sitters thought he would rib the kid a little about his pistol.

"I'll bet you'll trade it to the first swabbie you run across," the lieutenant said.

"Bet I won't," the kid replied, grinning.

"How much would you sell it for?" the officer asked.

"A fella offered me \$150 for it, but I wouldn't sell this gun for any price."

The kid meant it.

"I'm gonna keep this here gun," he said.

"Yessir. I hadda kill the Jap I got it off of, and I'm gonna keep it!"

The lieutenant tried to picture the kid killing a Jap for the gun. He wondered whether the souvenir were uppermost in the kid's mind when he killed the Jap.

More strays swished overhead harmlessly, and everyone ducked again. All but the kid. He stooped and gathered up his souvenirs. He looked tired and his face was dirty. He had the short stubble of beard a kid gets, and he grinned through it.

"It's too hot for me around here," he said. "I'm going back up in the front lines where it's safe."

There was a dull thump when the bullet hit him. If the others hadn't heard the thump they would have thought the kid had stumbled over one of the rocky outcroppings and fallen head-long.

Tucker, the corpsman, came running when the others yelled. He saw at once that the kid was dead. The hole was right over the heart.

END



# AMMO

## From Heaven

by Sgt. Ralph Myers  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

**"T**HE impetus of supply is from the rear." That is a military adage as old as warfare, and has been true since man gave up the club of caveman days and adopted increasingly complicated methods of destroying his enemy. In the days of Indian fighting, it meant that the old lady kept the powder dry, loaded the spare musket, and passed up the biscuits while pappy blasted away through a chink in the logs.

During the war's last battle at Okinawa, it meant supply lines stretching back 6246 miles to San Francisco, and beyond to Pittsburgh's steel, Akron's rubber, New Mexico's mica and Georgia's peaches. And it meant getting the supplies the last three miles to the Tenth Army lines in the mud before Shuri — for the moment more important than all the rest.

The rule book had to be thrown out along First Marine Division's lines during the latter days of May and the early days of June. Supply was pushed from the rear, tugged from the front and shoved along the middle. But to no avail. Despite the best efforts of men, motors and horses, supply bogged down during the most critical period of the campaign.

Fifteen inches of rain in 15 days made the supply problem as back-breaking as the fighting was ferocious and only air drops saved the day. Air drops, parachuted to front line troops on a scale never before attempted in the Pacific, delivered the only supplies received by the combat teams on many bloody days.

Bucking the center of the Nip line, the First

Division's job was to drive through Shuri castle. The assignment demanded every ounce of its strength.

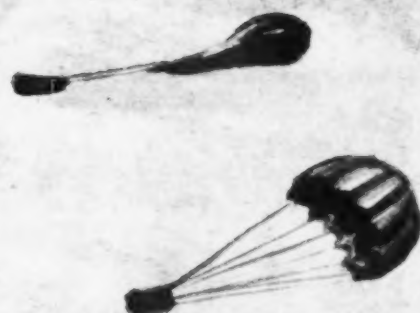
Before Shuri, in the slugging matches at Dakeshi ridge and Wana draw, there were no roads. Usually the tanks rolled along first, and then the troops followed, and along their path a trail was born. The amtracs came up, and the ducks and jeeps and trucks. The engineers followed, desperately trying for a solid road bed, bulldozing, rearing and ducking for cover when the mortars fell.

The result of wheels following wheels could not be called roads under the best conditions. Given half a chance, the engineers could have made roads, but on May 25, for instance, the rainfall was 5.03 inches.

That's the day when Commodore Andrew G. Bisset, commander of Construction Troops, ordered a change in priorities. Road maintenance took precedence over airport construction — and the objective in taking the island was airports!

That was the day all traffic on the island was ordered halted except for emergency hauls to front line troops. Seabees and Army engineering groups were running behind schedule on their vast construction projects — the biggest of the war, in either theatre. Schedules did not mean a thing if the men on the line lost this battle.

Following a night of incessant rain, that day was dark. Shuri was threatened by strong First Division drives from the north and west. The Jap tried to take advantage of the poor visibility to withdraw





troops southward, but front line observers spotted the move and within 15 minutes a ferocious naval and artillery barrage blasted the area. Fifty fighters flew bravely and blindly over the Jap retreat route, strafing as they went. The big guns of a battleship were first on the target, and are credited with killing 400 or 500 Japs that day. It was a disastrous day for the enemy.

The situation screamed for an advance, but none was ordered, that day nor the next. Nobody wanted to move up more than Major General Pedro del Valle, but the rain drove down again in torrents. No wheel could turn before the dark tumble of Shuri. Just the tops of trucks and amtracs could be seen in the mire of a road beyond Dakeshi. Two jeeps had sunk out of sight, and for an hour or two the traffic had moved over the tops of them.

A few days later, when the 5th Marines entered Shuri castle and un-reconstructed Captain Julius D. Dusenberry of North Carolina ran up the flag of the Southern Confederacy, a sergeant started back to the division CP with an eye-witness account of the victory.

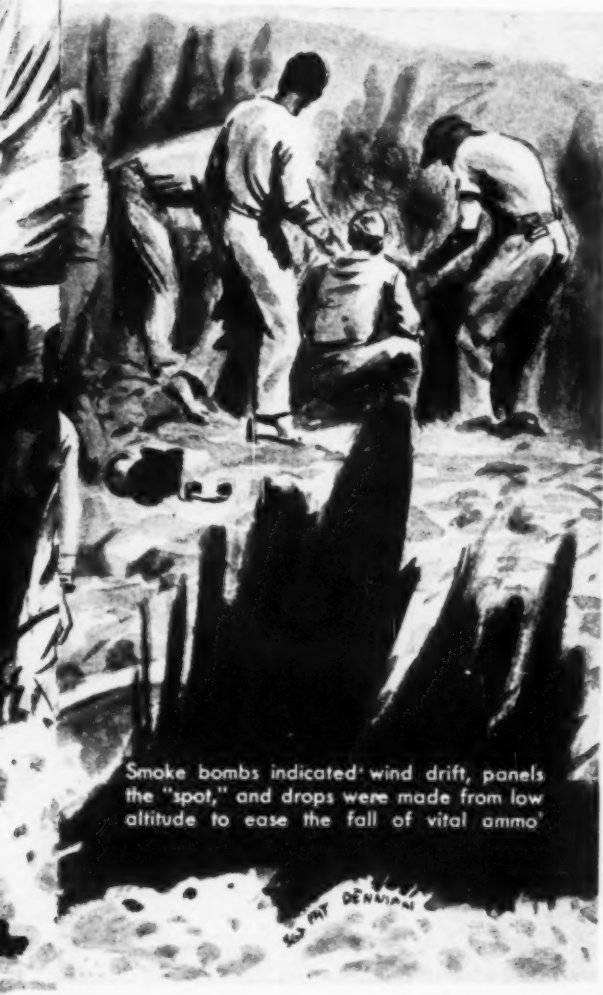
Half way back he sunk up to his arm pits in the middle of the "road," and they had to extract him with rifle slings.

For 10 days then, the First Division was to fight one of the hardest battles of its history with its supply route impassable by land. During May they killed 6628 Japs, and left 753 of their own dead behind them. The wounded totaled more than 4000.

His great Naha-Shuri-Yonabaru line shattered, the Jap was fleeing to other defensible positions in the south, like Kanishi ridge. And the race was on, so he couldn't get set there too solidly.

Now, the First Division didn't demand a fast track. It had won in the mud before — on Guadalcanal and Peleliu. But the Okinawa roads were bottomless early in June. Native horses were tried in places. The boys made saddles of sand bags, and lashed the supplies with telephone wires. One day two assault units used pack horse teams of 15 each.

## Air drops saved the day at Okinawa when supply bogged down in 15 inches of rain



Smoke bombs indicated wind drift, panels the "spot," and drops were made from low altitude to ease the fall of vital ammo

The bones of many of these horses are still baked in that clay. Marines shot the animals between the eyes only after they hopelessly floundered, stuck in the mud up to their shoulders.

Another day a bucket brigade of 65 Marines man-handled supplies right up the face of a precipice, hanging on like mountain goats.

The engineers tried all the tricks in the book, and then made up a few of their own. Lieutenant Norman Peters, a California farmer and Oregon grid star, had an idea one day. He couldn't build up a road, so he decided to dig for one, plowing deeper by six inches or so each quarter hour. The ducks followed behind the bulldozers, and it worked for a few hours. And when he finally gave it up, the mud was piled like snowbanks along a city sidewalk after a blizzard.

Another day Corporal Merlin Seeley, a South Dakota farmer, did a lively roadside business at a particularly deep bog. He used a long cable on the winch of his bulldozer, and dragged all comers through the mud like a fisherman reeling in trout.

He had a laugh that day, too. A jeepful of officers splashed through to a halt where the mud was waist deep. Judiciously they drew lots to see who would dive in and hook up Seeley's cable. The loser took off his pants, cursing, and sunk into the ooze while the others hooted and held their sides. Just then from the north a Zero streaked toward them, with a Corsair on his tail. The man in the mud ducked behind the radiator and grinned as he watched the four winners belly-slam for cover.

Supply by air went into action on the last two days of May. A couple of weeks earlier it had been tried, but with dubious results. The parachutes gave away our positions, enemy fire prevented our troops from retrieving the stuff after it had been dropped, and a lot of it had fallen into enemy hands.

But when the big break-through came, and the battle moved again into a fluid state, air supply had to be resumed. It was our only hope in pressing the attack.

Four other divisions were getting front line supplies by air also, and the size of the job is illustrated by this list of plane loads of deliveries to the First Division in one week:

May 31 — 44 plane loads; June 1 — 71; June 2 — 28; June 3 — 48; June 4 — 18; June 5 — 53; June 6 — 51.

Plane loads averaged about 950 pounds each, so on June 3, when advances rolled out on a wide front for gains of from 800 to 2500 yards, the battalions were picking up ammunition, water and rations weighing nearly 50,000 pounds. In 17 days the division received 561 plane loads of supplies.

A sample day's drop to the First Division filled this kind of an order: 225 gallons of water, 672 D rations, 11,700 rounds of ammunition for machine guns, 500 rounds of assorted mortar shells, 150 grenades and an order of flashlight batteries.

In addition to the fundamental supplies of water, rations and ammunition, walkie-talkie radio sets, telephone wire, plasma and whole blood were dropped to the troops. On one occasion a telephone switchboard, carefully packed to protect the delicate instrument, floated down to a forward CP. Water was the top priority item, and rations were on the bottom of the list. Men can tighten belts, but thirst is harder to combat, and empty rifles don't fire.

At one stage of the game they ran out of the flexible, plastic water containers. The standard five-gallon expeditionary cans used in the field were too heavy. So Halazone tablets for purifying water were flown up.

Line troops laid out marking panels to "spot" the deliveries, and smoke bombs indicated the wind drift. The deliveries, controlled through Third Amphibious Corps channels, were notably successful. Less than four per cent of all supplies fell into Nip hands.

Although flights mounted into the hundreds, through the thickest kind of weather, only one plane was lost, and three other casualties listed. Deliveries were by Navy and Marine-piloted torpedo bombers under Tactical Air Force from Kadena and Yontan airfields. The drops had to be made from between 300 and 500 feet, at near-stall speed, to ease the fall.

At one time a plan was effected to load "standard orders, including certain basic supplies of ammunition, water and rations because battle conditions often made it impossible to retrieve the supplies at the time they came over. That resulted in time consuming return flights to the rear-area base, which the "standard" drop attempted to eliminate.

The plan was to shift the delivery to some other division that might be in a better position to receive it. The scheme was abandoned in two days, however, because most outfits had specific needs that could not be filled by pre-packed components. For instance, if a division was actively engaged, the accent was on ammunition and blood. If the day's work was more static, food and water and possibly mortar shells were needed more urgently.

In the two weeks following the break-through at Shuri, the 1st, 5th and 7th regiments were registering gains of from 800 to 3000 yards a day, drawing beyond their supply bases mile by muddy mile. Air supply was getting through, but only with the bare necessities and in absolutely minimum quantities. For this was an all-out battle, with expenditures in men and ammunition at a very high level. The division was to expend just under two million rounds of .30 caliber carbine ammunition and more than three-and-a-half million rounds of ammo for the M-1 rifles in the Okinawa campaign.

**SO BEHIND** the lines the struggle of supply grew greater as the fight changed suddenly from siege warfare to a war of movement. And with that change the task of evacuating the wounded grew more painful.

For more than a week all wounded men had to be carried miles by litter. At one stage of the fighting south of Naha, when the mud was deepest, wounded were being carried five miles to the roads by hand. From there they were trucked three-and-a-half miles to a beach station for evacuation by ducks and amtracs to LVTs.

Compared to Iwo Jima, where the evacuation points were minutes behind the line, the problem at Okinawa was critical. Two men can handle a stretcher under normal conditions, but when the going is tough it becomes a four-man job. For more than a week at Okinawa eight men were required to carry each casualty to the rear.

When the First was north of Itoman, near the close of the rainy period, Lieutenant William Perskey of the 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines, made a pertinent suggestion. They were camped along Highway 3, where the road straightens out for several hundred yards. Lieut. Perskey had 27 casualties on his hands, and no way of moving them out. Why not try to land Grasshoppers there to evacuate his boys?

Within a matter of hours, the tiny mercy planes were landing on the road, which was just wide enough to handle the landing gear. A couple of days later the nearby "Trooper" Jap strip was developed, and in 12 days the "Hoppers" flew 641 men out of the area. In eight critical minutes they were being unloaded at rear area field hospitals.

When beaches south of Oroku Peninsula were secured, six LVTs landed supplies at a point 1400 yards north of Itoman to establish a forward base that was to see the campaign through to its end.

Amphibious operations pose the most difficult supply problems, but America has worked out these problems with greater success than any other nation. There are tricks of loading gear on ships and LSTs — tricks called stowage plans and profile plans, cargo and loading analyses, and mysteries of mathematics called consolidated vehicle tables.

The unloading job at the beaches is carefully controlled by a plan called the "hot cargo system," guaranteeing that only carefully selected materiel gets ashore on D day. We have found out how valuable a division control boat is in sending only those landing craft ashore from reef transfer points that can be unloaded after they get there. We've found out what causeways are worth over coral reefs and what they're not worth.

Oriental weather came to the Jap's aid on Okinawa. Mud never bothered him as it did us. We were supplying our troops from a railhead system. His supplies were dispersed in advance throughout a vast system of caves and underground dumps. We were advancing away from our supply bases. He was retreating into his.

It was the kind of weather break that turned victory into defeat. But air drops, the battle brigades, the engineers and clerk-typists who carried ration boxes in knee-deep mud, saved the situation because they had sufficient determination, training and know-how.

Sleep comes quickly on  
Guam as he gives with  
the husky voice and  
that soft slumber music

# SACKRAT

by Sgt. Stanley Fink  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

NIGHTLY, at 2145, nearly every one of Guam's more than 10,000 radio sets is tuned to WXLI, the island's Armed Forces Radio Station. Tens of thousands of GIs either drop themselves comfortably into a chair or stretch out on their sacks, and listen.

Out of the radio's loudspeakers come the sweet tones of Hoagy Carmichael's immortal "Star Dust," played by Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. And then a deep and dulcet voice, as distinctive as an oboe in a brass band, says:

"Good evening Sackrats."

This is followed by a big yawn, then . . .

"That mystic blanket of blue, which we call night, is here again . . . so it's time to relax . . . time to reminisce . . . time to remember joys of days gone by.

"Remember back when you were just a kid, too young to really enjoy life? Remember when you smoked your first cigaret but were too young to inhale it? Remember when you had your first drink, but were too young to nonchalantly swallow it? Remember when you had your first date with a girl, but were too young to . . . well, Sackrats, it's time for sack duty. Time to undress.

"First, let's take off that warm shirt . . . unbutton it . . . that's right . . . now loosen that belt . . . now let those pants drop . . . let's take off those heavy boondockers . . . first the right (here a sound like the popping of a cork from a champagne bottle is heard) . . . that's fine . . . and now the left (another pop) . . . now wiggle those toes . . . a-a-ah, doesn't that feel wonderful? Look at that little toe snuggle up to the big ones . . . now, Sackrats, crawl under the mosquito net . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h out and relax those tired muscles. Cuddle up to that GI blanket and listen to Sackrat Serenade . . ."

That's the introduction to "Sackrat Serenade," a 15-minute interlude of music that has become the most popular radio program on Guam. The slow, slumber-provoking voice that is as soothing as honey to a throat made raw by a hacking cough belongs to Durwood Hyde. He's a good-looking guy and he wears the two hooks of a Marine Corporal.

Less than two dozen people on the island, outside of his co-workers in the WXLI studios, know Hyde as Hyde. Not that he leads a Jekyll and Hyde existence. But the fact is that there isn't a single serviceman or woman on Guam who doesn't know him as "the Sackrat." His listening audience there is greater than that of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra combined, with Charlie McCarthy thrown in for good measure.

WHAT makes Sackrat so popular? It's due to many things, but mostly it's his voice. It's a guttural, husky whisper, a combination of The Shadow and Your Host Raymond of Inner Sanctum. It has quality. It's soothing. It's different.

Although the Sackrat has a similar introduction to his nightly serenade, each evening he varies it enough to keep it from becoming routine.

The Sackrat, although only 21 years old, is no novice in the radio game. He became interested in acting at the age of 15 while attending high school in his native Birmingham, Ala. There he took part in Little Theater plays. A year later he was playing roles in radio shows. In 1941, his parents moved to Louisville and young Durwood got a job after school as a radio announcer with Station WGRC. He was the youngest radio announcer in Kentucky, reading commercials over the air and taking part in broadcast dramatic shows.

In December, 1942, Hyde joined the Marine Corps. After boot camp at San Diego he was sent to

Sackrat, alias Corp. Durwood Hyde, opens his evening slumber program for Guam radio fans



# SERENADE

Camp Elliott, and there for six months he participated in the Halls of Montezuma program.

But Hyde is no desk commando. In April, 1944, he went overseas and joined the 5th Marines, First Division, as a flame thrower and bazooka man. He took part in the Peleliu invasion and earned a Letter of Commendation. He also participated in the Okinawa campaign, where he was wounded seriously and evacuated to Guam.

While in a Guam hospital, Hyde listened to radio programs from WXLI. On the day he was permitted to get out of bed, he hitch-hiked to the radio station and sold the station manager, Marine Captain S. A. Cisler, a bill of goods that he (Hyde) was just what the station needed. That was early in June. A few days later he was transferred to duty with the Armed Forces Radio . . . and "Sackrat Serenade" had its birth.

"Sackrat Serenade" was an instantaneous success. In less than a month it became the most-listened-to program on the air. As one Marine put it, "That Sackrat sure sends me."

A few servicemen think Sackrat is silly but they all listen to him . . . and since the program is the last one on the ether waves before "Taps," the Sackrat's

*No, I'm not crazy, I'm not unstrung,  
I was just dropped on my head when I  
was young."*

Often the Sackrat gets quite personal with his listeners. One time in going through his undressing and getting into the sack routine, he said, "Now take off those socks . . . phew! . . . remember to change those socks in the morning."

Another time his sacktime message was:

*"Each night as I lay upon my back,  
Recalling memories as I lie on my sack.  
I think of how popular I was back in the  
States.*

*A handsome young fellow with plenty  
of dates.*

*But why I can't get a girl on Guam, I  
really don't know.*

*Except that I'm a sergeant with a bad  
case of B.O."*

The Sackrat gets scores of fan letters daily. Many of them come from Army and Navy nurses stationed on the island. A number of them ask him for his photograph. But the Sackrat doesn't send out any photos or answer any of his fan mail, although he does try to fill their requests for favorite tunes — if they suit his program. Recently he got a letter from a nurse which read:

"Dear Sackrat,

"I am just a little girl on a big island and I used to be oh, so lonesome! That's why I'm writing to you on account of I ain't lonesome any more. I want to tell you what a big strong man I think you are and thank you for making me not so lonesome any more. I hear your program every single day and I'm simply crazy about your voice. Oh, it's so authoritative, so bold, so terribly romantic.

"I just wish that Luke (that's my beau) could talk like you, Mr. Sackrat. Why, if he could talk like you there isn't any telling what I might do when I was with him. Sometimes it scares me.

"Will you please play 'All The Things You Are,' just for little me? Will you, Love Boat?

Admiringly,

Suzie Jan —"

Recently the Sackrat took a night off and one of the other WXLI announcers substituted for him. The pinch-hitter, who didn't use the Sackrat's undressing routine, no sooner finished his broadcast when a Seabee phoned the station asking for the Sackrat. When he was informed that the Sackrat wasn't there, the Seabee said, "Well, then let me talk to the guy who did the Sackrat Serenade tonight."

When the Sackrat's substitute was put on the phone, the Seabee said, "Say, Mate, can't you get back on the radio and give us the Sackrat's undressing routine? If you don't, you're going to have a whole battalion of Seabees stay up all night. None of 'em have hit the sack."

The last program we heard the Sackrat present, he made with this bit of sacktime advice:

*"Spam ain't jam,  
And spam ain't ham,  
Nor cranberries,  
Nor lamb.  
The stuff ain't fit  
For your mess kit,  
It ain't worth a . . .*

heh, heh, don't miss breakfast chow tomorrow morning, Sackrats. Pleasant dreaming and pleasant snoring, good night."

END

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Hyde's sack-time chatter draws more Guam listeners than Crosby and Sinatra combined

Sackrat yawns and signs off with "Pleasant dreaming and pleasant snoring, good night"



Going through the motions, Hyde gets his radio buddies ready for the sack with . . . "First let's take off that warm shirt . . ."

voice is the last thing thousands of GIs hear before they drift off into dreamland.

The Sackrat gets a large number of requests for musical numbers on his program. He gives consideration to them all. If the request is for a slow, dreamy piece, he'll play it. If not, no soap. He takes his program very seriously and carefully selects the recordings he uses. He takes two hours daily playing records to find just the "right numbers."

"If the number feels like it's lulling me to sleep, I use it. If not, I give it the pitch," said the Sackrat.

Usually the Sackrat closes his program with a little poem. Sometimes the verse is sent in by a fan, but most of the time he writes the poem himself. A typical Sackrat closing goes like this:

"And so, Sackrats, it's time to close our heavy eyelids on another day. Tonight you've been listening to 15 drowsy minutes of soothing melodies designed for your night time listening. And here's tonight's sacktime message:

*"Here on Guam where nights are long,  
GIs crave wine, women and song.  
But all they get is beer and laughter,  
And not even light duty the morning  
after."*

*"Each night as I sit beneath the swaying  
palm trees,  
I think oh, how lucky I am to be over-  
seas.*

*I'm glad I'm not back in the USA.  
Out with a different girl each day.*

# Stand by for Something to POP

**What were storms, Jap  
ack-ack, Kamikazes  
or dogfights to Squadron 422?**

**by Sgts. Duane Decker  
and Stanley Fink**  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondents

**I** THINK (the lieutenant said) that somebody gave you bum dope, sergeant, saying there's a story in this Marine squadron of ours. Are you sure it was 422? Reason I think you're wrong is, we've only been here at Okinawa three days. All we've done is just stand by for something to pop. But — I think I can steer you to another Marine squadron where you *might* get a story. It's an outfit that —

What? Yeah, we flew in here from Engebi. Made the trip in three legs — Engebi to Saipan, Saipan to Iwo and Iwo to here. Our fighters were escorted by RSC Commandos. Each Commando had six fighters, three to the wing. But to get back to this outfit that I think you could maybe get a good yarn out of —

Huh? No, we didn't have any trouble coming over. Did somebody say we had trouble? All I remember is a little murky weather and light rains from Engebi to Iwo. But our lead escort pilot, Captain

Warren — that's Bud Warren from Bridgewater, Mass. — he just brushed it off. Then we left Iwo at 0800 and for seven and one half hours the flight bucked a 35-knot wind. However, we flew at 12,000 feet, above the rain. I mean, Sergeant, as far as a good yarn goes you might just as well write about the Hoboken ferry as Squadron 422.

Engine trouble? Oh — that. That wasn't anything, no. About two-thirds of the way over one of the fighters developed some kind of a clinker, yes — it was Lieutenant Smith's plane. His engine kept cutting out and coming back.

Well, to make a nutshell out of that, Capt. Warren ordered the transport escorting Smith's plane to stay with it and also one of the other fighters, while the other four planes in the escort joined his group. That gave Warren 10 planes, five on each wing, a load. Warren also notified Dumbo, a sea rescue unit, to be on the lookout in case Smith's plane went

down. But nothing happened. Smith's engine held out okay and stayed with the ferry flight.

So, like I said, Sergeant, I don't know who told you there was a story in us, but it's bum dope. If you really need a flying yarn, why this other outfit I started to mention —

Huh? What mix-up do you mean? Oh, coming into Okinawa. Yeah, come to think of it, that heavy weather did have us a little fouled up. So Capt. Warren got in touch with Radio to find out what the hell our position was. We had not only been flying above the rain but we had also been bucking quite a headwind. Visibility was strictly zero — you couldn't see the length of a pygmy's arm in front of the plane.

Well, Radio approximated our position and told Warren if we turned 45 degrees west we'd be over Yontan airfield. Warren was being very careful.

So Warren followed instructions and he began dropping down to get below a 400-foot ceiling. Suddenly a very strange thing happened — ack-ack opened up on us. Very heavy ack-ack indeed. We were downright perplexed, Sergeant. Here we are, coming in to help our boys down there around Yontan and they let us have it.

Warren turned back in a hurry, I guess you know, and got those pilots out of that area. They could see things were a lot different than at Pensacola already. Warren's plane got it twice in the belly and Captain Jeff DeBlanc, flying on his right wing tip, got a hole in one flap.

**W**ARREN contacted Radio and asked them how about all this ack-ack from our loyal team-mates below there on Yontan. He said we were somewhat puzzled by it. Well, we got straightened out. The trouble was, that airfield hadn't been Yontan at all. It has been Machinato — Jap-held stuff. We never noticed Naha around there at all, what with this poor weather. Anyway, Radio told us to fly north until we contacted Radio at Yontan, meanwhile he'd contact Yontan and inform them the flight was coming in.

That's about all there was to it. When Yontan contacted Warren they told him his approximate position and directed us down toward the field. They said we'd come out of the ceiling at about 700 feet. But we got another little surprise.

Seems when we let down through the rain we came out at 400 feet, not 700. Our boys were getting some very good experience getting into Okinawa, all in all. Then the whole flight came down in neat landings. That Warren is steady like a rock. That happened three days ago. But anyway, this is getting away from what I started to tell you — if you really want a yarn —

Say that again. That first night? All of us were spending it in foxholes that had 16 inches of water. You knew you were definitely not at the Biltmore, believe me. Which reminds me — that infantry life must be quite a rough life. But we were so tired out that, even with all that water in the foxholes, we corked right off. Then came an interruption.

Now this interruption was some Nip Bettys, each carrying bold Kamikaze lads. They came in low over the water and much to the surprise of one and all, what do you think they tried to do? Land right there on Yontan, *our* airfield. There's no future in that stuff, I'll tell you that. But they did spoil our night's rest.

Six of them went down from land and fleet ack-ack. But one of them managed to make a crash landing and that ended our sleeping temporarily. Frankly, our fliers were getting a very peculiar im-



The Bettys came in low over the water and tried to land on our Yontan airfield



pression of what the situation is, because from what they had seen of it their first day, everyone seemed bent on landing on the wrong damn airfields. I mean, we'd tried to land on the Jap's strip at Machinato and now here were the Japs trying to land on ours at Yontan. One of these boots said to me, "In my opinion, we are *all* nuts."

Well, out of this Betty that crash-landed, 14 Katzenjammer Kids piled out. They were really a bunch of Dead End Kids, too. They carried bombs shaped like pie plates with a hook on one end. They immediately tried to slap the bombs on our planes and managed to slap a few.

These Katikaze boys also had fire grenades which they were tossing at everything in sight. But somehow or other, all of them got killed on the field and we went back to our foxholes and slept. That's the end of our first day and it's about all I'd know to tell you. But if you are anxious for an interesting yarn, I'd suggest—

The second day? Why we just moved over to Ie

Shima is all. That became an airfield for Marine aircraft. Naturally. I say "naturally" because that is where the Nips unloaded their bombs first, coming in from the north. Which made it an ideal spot to place Marines.

But nothing much happened — except the bombings, of course. It was fairly quiet except for that. We slept very well in our new foxholes as there was only 14 inches of water here, a big improvement over 16 inches.

But I guess that's all I know. Honestly, Sergeant, if I knew anything that could make a story —

Why, I believe that it was on the third day we saw a Jap Francis break through the overcast with three Marine Corsairs on his tail, shooting him to bits under 1000 feet. It was most enjoyable. The Francis was badly crippled after crossing the main strip on Ie Shima and made a suicide dive into one of our ships in the harbor.

But as for us, we just crapped out. All, that is, except Capt. DeBlanc with a few of our guys, Lieu-

tenants Snapper, Wagner and Hale. They went up in Corsairs on patrol. They were fortunate enough to spot nine Nip fighter planes and took them on. Got all nine. Otherwise we just doped off and —

DeBlanc? Yeah, he's the DeBlanc that was at Guadalcanal in '42. He had seven Jap Zeroes to his credit then. He got one of these Nips, this third morning. The other three second looey got the other eight. For their first time in combat they did all right. I mean, eight out of eight is not exactly hay, no?

The next morning? Why, I believe DeBlanc took up another patrol of three fighter planes besides his own. This time they brought down seven more Nip fighters without a loss. What? Yes, that made — let's see — 16 planes for them with no losses and no Nips getting away. It wasn't a bad deal.

But anyway, to save your time and my breath, Sergeant, I'd suggest that you drop back in maybe a month or so. Because all we've done so far is crap out and stand by for something to pop.

# Horse of Another COLOR



**M**ARINES of the Third Corps Artillery believe Lieutenant Jerry Fields was the best damned air observer in the late war. The folks around Synder, Tex., allow that Jerry is the best judge of horse flesh within a day's ride in any direction.

Jerry was vastly more proud of the latter fact. He often referred to the Stinson airplane he used in spotting Nips as "my critter" and he draped his lanky body over the dinky seat behind the pilot with the same ease that he sat a saddle.

"Chuck," he'd drawl cheerfully to the pilot, "Let's get us a whoppin' flock of Nippos today."

They would take off and ride the sky range of Okinawa at a jogging aerial trot, rounding up mavericks bearing the outlaw Rising Sun brand. He was at least one of the best observers in the Pacific until "v" day they spotted the horses.

All was quiet in the assigned area that morning so they searched for targets of opportunity. But opportunity seemed to be knocking in some other area until Jerry saw something in a bowl-shaped ravine.

Later, they all said Jerry had done the right thing. The colonel said flatly that any other action would have been dereliction of duty. The psychiatrist said the same thing, couching his opinion in impressive professional phrases. But neither did any good. Jerry's soul was tortured by what he had done.

"Those hosses," Jerry said stubbornly, "were not a military objective."

When Jerry spotted the animals in the ravine, he had pointed them out to the pilot.

"Hosses," he said positively, "Must be the annual Gook County Fair. Let's buzz 'em."

They flew a scant few feet above the animals, the plane's antenna whipping just over their backs.

"Pretty good lookin' stock," Jerry mused. "About 100 would be my guess. Sure would like to get one of 'em and ride him a spell, but I guess we better mosey."

Jerry dreamed of home, of his favorite pinto and roundup time, of the smell of horses and rangeland and the sharp odor of hair burned by a branding iron. His reverie was broken by the pilot's voice on the intercom.

"That set-up looks fishy to me, Jerry," Chuck

said, "Why would the Gooks be holding a fair in the middle of a target area? I think you better make a report."

"You're too damned suspicious, Swabby Man," Jerry snorted, "It's probably a big farm but I'll report it just to make you happy."

"Hello Empire, this is Platform Three. Will be back on station shortly. On our way we spotted about one hundred horses in a small area at Target Square 7276. That is all. Over."

After a brief pause, Jerry's earphones crackled: "Platform Three, this is Empire. Roger on your last transmission. You will return immediately to Target Square 7276. Adjust Mansfield for battalion time on target. Over."

Jerry sat stunned. He was horrified. They couldn't fire on a bunch of innocent horses! They were staked down, too. It was murder!

The voice coming over the phones again was impatient.

"Empire to Platform Three! Empire to Platform Three! Did you hear my last transmission? Did you hear my last transmission? I say again —"

Jerry came back to life.

"Platform Three to Empire. I hear you loud and clear. I hear you five-by-five. Do you mean to fire on those poor horses?"

The voice on the other end was coldly impersonal. "Affirmative. We have good reason to believe the Japs are using them for transportation. I say again, adjust Mansfield for battalion time on target."

"Wilco," Jerry said thickly. His heart was sick within him. Time on target! Twelve murderous shells

bursting at the same time above the horses like an umbrella of steel in concentric pattern — a giant scythe.

He refused to look when the burst came. Chuck had to report the position of the bursts. It was Chuck who reported "Total Effect" 20 minutes later.

From that day on, Jerry was undisputedly the worst observer in the Pacific.

"I can't see anything but shot-up hosses where the targets are supposed to be," he confessed. Those hosses weren't a military objective. The Nippos use trucks. I murdered those hosses for no reason when I reported spotting them."

He had been grounded for a week when the message came one afternoon. He was to report to the colonel's quarters. A Niesi interpreter sat facing a Jap soldier when Jerry arrived.

"Sergeant Tanaka, ask the prisoner to repeat his story," the colonel commanded, watching Jerry out of the corner of his eye.

The sergeant and the prisoner jabbered at some length.

"He says, colonel, that he is Superior Private Amamoto of a volunteer suicide company which had planned to attack our artillery. He says our artillery was disrupting their forces so badly they had decided to make a desperate attempt to knock it out by infiltrating our lines at night, strapped to the underbelly of a hundred horses they had rounded up."

"But he says a small plane came over them shortly before they were going to attack. Then the artillery came, slaughtered the horses and killed all of the company except six."

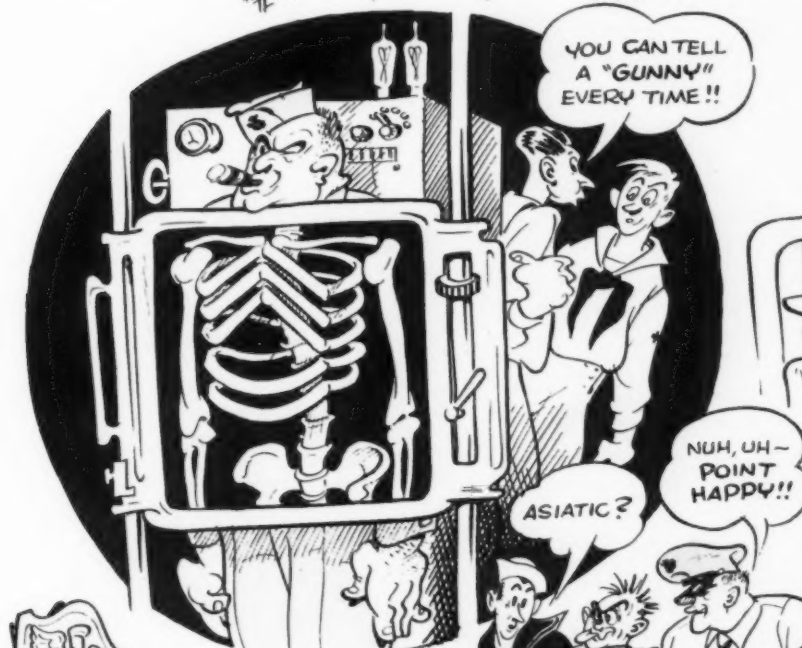
The interpreter paused. Jerry broke in. "You mean them Nippos were going to use those hosses for cover to kill our boys? Why that dirty bunch of coyotes! Asking your permission, Sir, I think I'll get Chuck and crank up the critter. I aim to get me a whoppin' bunch of Nippos this day!"

PFC MILTON BURNS

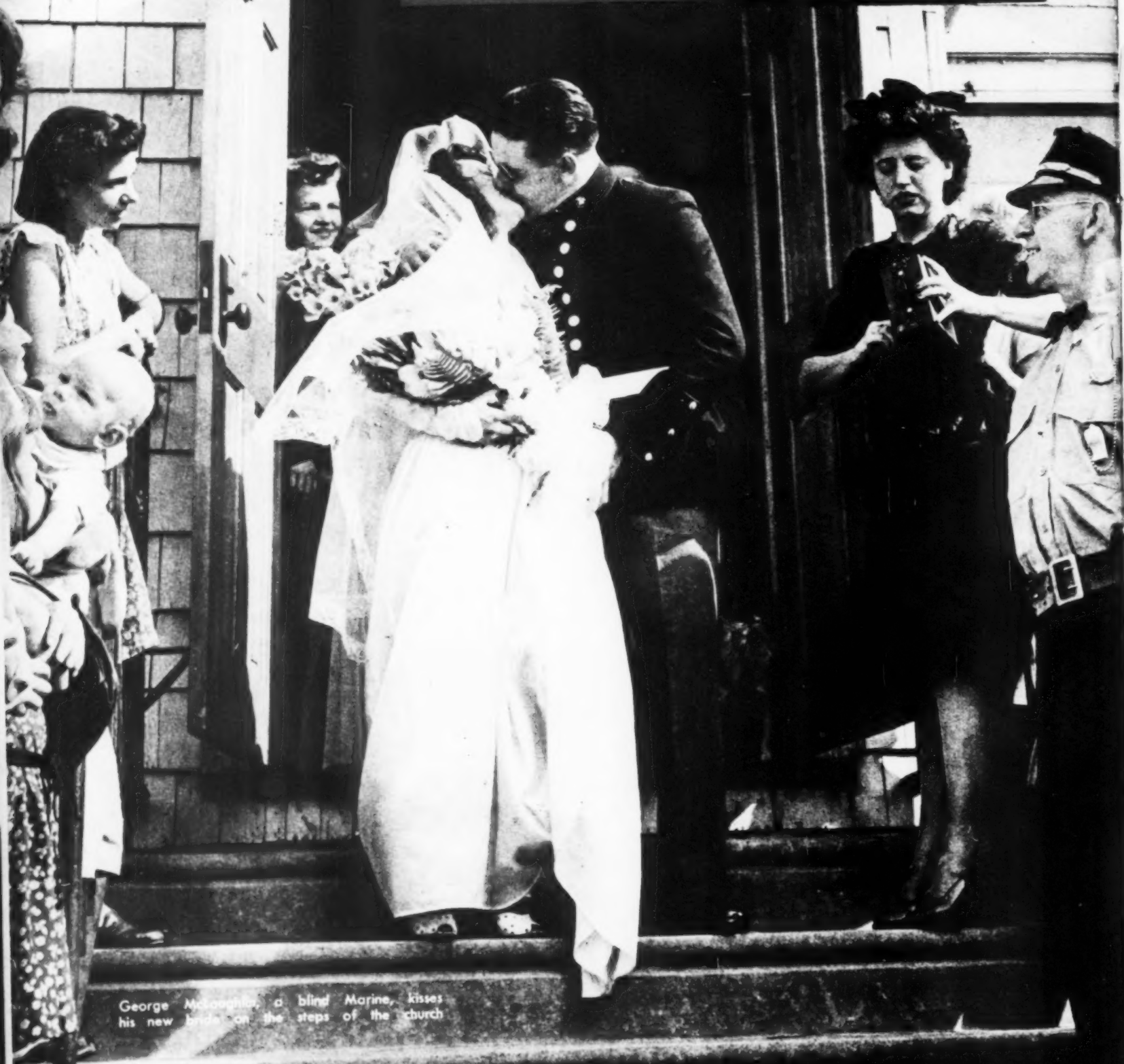
**He was the best damned observer  
in the War until 100 horses died**







# Blind Date in Jersey



George McDoughlin, a blind Marine, kisses his new bride on the steps of the church

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## A stirring example of how to act when your man comes home in a bad luck department

STORY BY SGT. JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

PHOTOS BY SGT. ROBERT SANDBERG  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**M**ARINE PFC GEORGE McLAUGHLIN got married in Delair, N. J., on September 8. He stood quietly in his dress blues while the minister said the words that bound him in wedlock to Lillian Langley. The small Mission church was jammed with his friends, and outside in the afternoon sunlight was a host of other friends George McLaughlin never knew he had. When the simple rites were done, McLaughlin turned and pecked at his bride in the nervous, hesitant way that is immemorial with bridegrooms.

It was a routine wedding. Thousands of others like it take place every day, all over America. For George McLaughlin, it was the culmination of an overseas dream. But, in a way, it was more than just another wedding.

McLaughlin had received his medical discharge from the Corps only 48 hours before the ceremony, and when he turned away from the altar he was walking into peacetime. It was a dark way he walked, with only his new wife's touch to guide him. For George McLaughlin had been blinded in the Pacific.

When McLaughlin first opened his eyes and saw nothing but a murky haze, in the hospital overseas, he had a rugged fight with himself. He went through the tortures of the soul every man finds who knows he is to be locked up in darkness for the rest of his life. He refused to write to Lillian Langley.

To his mother, he dictated a letter saying that he had been hurt playing football with the boys. He had no desire to stumble around in Delair, N. J., falling over the furniture and having a bunch of civilians clucking with sympathy. Finally he did go home, but he was still adamant about the marriage. He wrote the dark-haired girl he had met while training at Camp Lejeune, and told her the ceremony was off.

Lillian wasn't having any of the nobility stuff. She wrote back that she had not fallen in love with his eyes in the first place, that she was coming to Delair, and that he might as well get used to the idea of being married. To her. Since Lillian is a tiny, but completely unreconstructed Carolina rebel, George didn't have a chance. The courtship in reverse came out like everybody expected, and it was by her main force and insistence that the big crowd gathered at the little Mission church on September 8.

George McLaughlin used to be a hell of a good shortstop, but he can't do that anymore. He can, however, dance and swim and do a good many other things. He plans to open a small store, but he's not having a Seeing Eye dog just yet. The rehabilitation officers offered one to him, but the blinded Marine feels that such help would make him less active, although he may have to try it later on. The store, with his disability pension, should make him self-sustaining.

In these days of uneven morals and uncertainty, of veterans returning to find their love interests defaulted by absence or bankrupted by infidelity, the marriage of George McLaughlin to the pretty girl who waited for him is a cheering note. On these pages are the pictures of George's homecoming and his wedding. *The Leatherneck*, and, we are sure, the whole Corps, extends best wishes to George McLaughlin and his bride.



Home from the wars, George greets his mother in Delair. Brother Jimmy, in the background. The tiny Carolina bride-to-be in on Momma McLaughlin's other shoulder. Cat is a visitor



The walking papers. George had just been discharged from the hospital when this shot was taken. His mother and Lillian look over the papers while George explains what they mean

**BLIND DATE (continued)**



Breaking him in right. George gets a touch of things to come when Lillian loads him down with groceries at the corner store. McLaughlin navigated skillfully over his home ground



Get yourself a reputation, swabbie. George spars with brother Jimmy, who was at home



Lillian points to the four McLaughlin names on Delair's board of men in the services. George was the only Marine in the family. Clasp

on the field scarf was won while rowing first oar for Philadelphia Marine crew. Opposition crews were also sightless, made good time





on liberty from his carrier duty in Pacific. The blind Marine used to be a crack athlete



First drag after a long trip home. George lights up as family rushes wedding plans



Home work. Since George was an expert in the math dept., kid sister Thelma ropes him in on a session of algebra. Lillian watched and confessed she had already forgotten hers

**BLIND DATE (continued)**



Three generations work on a bridal gown. Freda Tomlinson, sister of the groom, works on the wedding dress while George's niece (holding sewing box) helps out



Family portrait. George and Lillian grin toward camera as the local photographer prepares to trip the shutter on official

**A Pacific dream comes true as a  
Marine who is blind marries the  
girl who would not be rejected**

The last beachhead, Marine McLaughlin, stiff in dress blues, hears the words that unite him in marriage to his little Carolina rebel



weddi  
with





wedding pictures. Studio halls were jammed with friends, all calling out good advice



Pass the ammunition. Lillian, now Mrs. George McLaughlin, hands down glass to be used on the reception table. Bride weighs only 98 pounds, but is already bossing Georgie around



Minister and bride sign the register. Mr. Williams, who performed the ceremony over the lusty howling of a baby in the little church, signs the record book while Lillian looks on



Wedding guests. A delegation of visitors, all blind, surrounds the smiling bride while George (dark glasses) recounts the courtship.

Visitors were in blind ward with George at the Philadelphia Hospital. All of them were cheerful and kidded George about his nervousness



Honeymoon bound. Only bad feature was that George could not see how pretty his wife was. Here we get two images, one on window.

After the ceremony, there was a parade of honking cars through Delair township, then a reception, and the bridal couple took off





George has 3/200ths vision, and can see a strong light when it is very close to him. Therefore his view of his wife is not nearly this good. Not

at all downhearted, the ex-Marine plans to develop his other senses until, with the help of Lillian, he is able to live a full, useful life

END 41

# Leatherneck SPORTS



## WHIZ KIDS

**All-American five due at Illinois for Big Ten race**

by Sgt. Ernie Harwell

**A** REUNION with four old college buddies is the top item on Lieutenant Andrew Phillip's list of post-war plans. They won't be gathering to gargle beer and watch the babes go by. Instead, they'll be eyeing another Big Ten basketball title for the University of Illinois, the third straight of their war-interrupted careers.

Lieut. Phillip and his four prancing pals comprise one of the most famous five-sided set-ups since the Dionne quintuplets. As Illinois' Whiz Kids they dominated mid-western courts so completely that each of the five members made the All-Big Ten team in his junior year.

The Whizziest of them all—and they have another year together as an Illini team—was Andy Phillip. In his sophomore year Andy was All-Big Ten and All-American guard. Switched to forward in the 1942-1943 campaign, he hit the hardwood jackpot. He scorched the nets for a total of 255 points—an average of 21 for his 12 conference games—to break Jule Young's seven-year scoring record. Forty of those markers came in a battle against Chicago—a new individual mark.

He was named All-American again that year and voted the most valuable player in the conference.

Then, to ice the cake and let Andy have it too, the *Associated Press* named Phillip on its all-time All-American five along with such illustrious company as Hank Luisetti, Chuck Hyatt, Stretch Murphy and Johnny Wooden.

Right now the Whiz Kids are scattered over the world. Jack Smiley and Ken Menke are with the Army in Germany; Gene Vance is an Army infantry officer in the States; Ace Parker is an ensign on a cargo ship; and Phillip is still with the 14th Marines, although he almost didn't return from Iwo. Andy landed at Yellow Two Beach on D day with the First Battalion pack howitzers. A few nights later he was standing radio watch while his operator slept nearby in the same foxhole. A Jap shell hit—eight yards to the left. Shrapnel whizzed at Phillip and knocked his helmet to the ground. The next morning he found that eight men had been killed by the shell.

Today, Andy has a little more time to think about basketball than he did that night on Iwo. He swaps letters with the other Whiz Kids and also coaches the Fourth Division five. Phillip stays in good shape and feels that it wouldn't take him and his Whiz gang too long to reach their former peak.

"I figure once we get back and start working

together again," he explains, "we should be able to get in shape within about a month. And eventually we should regain the precision we had when we broke up."

Andy has a bright post-college future. He has pro basketball offers from 20th-Century Fox, the Chicago Bruins, and the Oshkosh All-Stars. Phillip's baseball talent, though overshadowed in the public prints by his court finesse, hasn't been ignored by the talent scouts of the diamond. Close association with Lou Boudreau when Lou was assistant cage coach at Illinois led to an offer from the Cleveland Indians. The two St. Louis clubs and the Chicago Cubs also have put in their bids for the big, tall pitcher-outfielder.

Hurling for Illinois, Andy won four games and lost one in his sophomore season, blanking Purdue, 5-0, in the title contest. In his junior year, 1943, he copped four victories and suffered two losses—both because of the booming bat of Michigan's Dick Wakefield—and finished second to his teammate, Boyd Bartley, in the Big Ten batting lists.

Andy and his three brothers took to sports early. Their dad worked for General Steel Casting Company in Granite City, Ill., an organization which



became athletic conscious about the time Andy was beginning to worry about his home work. The kids worked around the company gym on a point system and little Andy swept the floors at one point a sweep, moved chairs at another point and performed similar tasks until he reached a total of 25 points. For such achievement he was awarded a pair of gym shoes and thus began his basketball career.

Soon he was on an organized team representing a Catholic grade school. Then he starred for a crack independent five called the Moreys — named for one of the steel executives. In mid-season of Phillip's freshman year at high school the Granite High coach, Byron Bozart, used some of the psychology he'd absorbed in his University of Illinois classes.

"Andy," the coach asked the elongated kid one afternoon after school, "why don't you and the other Moreys come out and play for our team? You boys can beat us; but with you under the Granite High colors, we'd be unbeatable."

**H**E WAS right. In 1940 Granite won the Illinois State title, licking Herin, Ill., 24-22, in the last 12 seconds of the finals. Phillip sunk a long one to knot the count, 22-22. Then he fed a pass to a teammate who dropped in the winning score. Of the 24 Granite points, Andy racked up 20. He made All-State that year.

After the high school season Phillip joined the Granite City Pals, an independent five. Highlight of his short career with them was a 202-17 victory over a St. Louis team. In that tilt Andy and the hoop were on speaking terms to the conversational tune of 101 points.

Sports were a year-round activity with Phillip. In the fall he was making All-State as a Granite High end. Then, after basketball, he pitched and played outfield on the school nine. And in spare moments he ran the hurdles, high-jumped and threw the javelin. In summers he worked in the steel mills, acted as life guard at Lake Geneva and starred for the Fleischman's Clothing baseball team.

Then came time to think about his future — college, or what? He had taken a machinist course in high school with an eye on a job at the steel mill. But his renown as an athlete had spread afar. Offers came from Southern California, Minnesota, Michigan, Tulane, Alabama, Notre Dame and Illinois. Being a Catholic, he thought at first of Notre Dame.

"But why not Illinois?" his coach, Byron Bozart, wanted to know. "It's a good school, Andy, and I know they're going to have a terrific basketball team."

Again Bozart was right. For unknown to each of them, all the members of the All-State five, selected by sports writers from the top performers in the 1940 high school tournament, had decided to go to Illinois. Ken Menke, Ace Parker, Jack Smiley, Gene Vance and Phillip himself headed for Champaign to become the Whiz Kids.

As freshmen they met the varsity once — and trounced them. Their coaches, Wally Roettger and Lou Boudreau, popped their vest buttons after that one. Boudreau, especially, was proud. It was he who'd discovered and corrected Andy's faulty floor-work, his dribbling too high and his not keeping his eye on the ball. When the 1941-42 season rolled around the Whiz Kids took over the varsity chores en masse. They lost only two games that year and went unbeaten in 18 tilts during the next campaign, winning the title each time.

Andy had enlisted in the Marines in 1942, but wasn't called to duty until July 1, 1943. He went through V-12 training at Notre Dame, then to Parris Island and Quantico. While at PI he and several boot camp buddies created a near-riot by whipping the post basketball team, 75-30. Phillips, with 30 points, paced the team which boasted such stars as John Hayes, Texas U; Gene Rock, Southern California; Ray Kuffel, Marquette; Hap Lewis, LIU; and Al Grennert, NYU.

"Why, those boys must be good!" was the comment of Commanding General E. P. Moses when he heard the score. "Let them play as our Parris Island team from now on."

They did, until they shoved off for Quantico in mid-January. While at OCS Phillip played one game — against a semi-pro outfit. He hit the hoops for 32 points as the Marines triumphed. From Quantico he went straight to the Fourth Division and has been with that fighting outfit ever since. He spent his twenty-third birthday on Iwo.

"There was a lot of noise and fireworks for me on that March 18, but I didn't think much about celebrating at the time."

Andy can do his celebrating sometime in the future — with the Whiz Kids. **END**

# PROMISE in the PACIFIC

American athletics are developing a "one world" of sports — and building health — among the natives

**T**HE little almond-eyed native boy clambered over coral rock to reach a clearing halfway up the hillside. "Huba-huba," his playmates called, and Soos replied with a final burst of speed.

Beneath his bronzed arm a dusty-red volleyball was pressed to his ribs. He halted, panting, beside a dirty-white net bisecting the volleyball court, and grinned toothsomely at his buddies.

"Let's go!" he invited.

An American coin was salvaged from a tattered pocket. Soos indicated two friends; one called "Heads!" and then shook his head in momentary defeat. It was tails, and the other boy had first choice in choosing sides. Presently the game was on, succeeding plays being greeted or condemned with familiar shouts.

Only a short time before, these same boys had been labor-slaves in fields overseen by Japanese soldiers. Prior to the enemy's invasion and our subsequent chasing the Japs from this "rock" in the Pacific, native boys knew only little of American sports.

The same condition had prevailed from the rainy, diseased jungles of Guadalcanal to the icy shores of the Aleutians, on charted or uncharted islands hardly touched by western influence. But, with the arrival of the American serviceman on these outposts, and the subsequent expulsion of the Japs, the island's younger natives — boys and girls, young men and young women — have taken to American sports as easily and eagerly as their counterparts in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or New Orleans.

Thanks to measures planned and put into operation by Special Service units of our armed forces, the slap of palm or fingertip against volleyball, the crack of ball against bat, the thud of shoe or bare foot against pigskin — a myriad of familiar sounds — now dominate native leisure hours.

You look at the Sooses and Manuels and others of the natives, and you watch them, steadily accruing the familiar sportsmanlike tactics that accompany our system of athletics, and you realize it is something very important — something that should dominate "Big Three" conferences in a shaky world. The "one world" plan among natives, so earnestly sought and being developed, applies to sports.

American sports are leading men and women to a "one world" in recreation in the Pacific islands, leading them to an understanding of fair play, companionship and teamwork.

But, aside from these potentialities, bone and muscle are being developed to a higher degree of durability. Health, timely but suddenly, has become a paramount goal of little men and women who once bowed resignedly to disease and pestilence.

A good part of the fight against malaria, dengue fever and other plagues prevalent in the Pacific, can be traced to the mental and physical efficacy of sports. Heated play leads to bathing. Natives on US-administrated Pacific islands, in this war, are becoming meticulous in dress and in cleanliness. Faded but well-scrubbed clothing garbs native boys. Bright little dresses, saucy sunhats and well-fitting shoes are worn by their sisters.

The influence of our sports upon the local people is impressive and should be lasting. Long after the war is ended sports not only will be flourishing in these Pacific isles but may be on a scale of competition comparable to our professional minor leagues.

**T**HE natives have witnessed what can be done with organization, the well-balanced leagues put into operation by our Special Services sections. In the Third Marine Division alone, before and after Iwo Jima, thousands of Leathernecks participated in regularly scheduled sports, and other hundreds played on regimental and separate battalion teams for division championships.

On a Pacific island that each day sent giant bombers winging to the destruction of Japanese

cities, a baseball league of 10 teams, representing as many separate service units, participated in a six-month schedule. Usually, when one schedule is completed and a championship decided, another round of games begins almost immediately.

On another island, the side of a cliff was gouged out to provide suitable space for an outfield. It was common to see servicemen and natives dotting the cliff and adjacent hillsides, watching the game below like payees at Yankee Stadium, high in the third tier of seats.

The field is one of several major caliber ball parks in the far Pacific, and may be the site, one day, for a "world series of the Pacific," when native ball clubs will struggle for the baseball championship of this vast new field for sports.

Transportation of players and spectators from one island to another could be simple and modern. Ships could carry the bulk of them, although planes might also be used. The islands are so grouped that several leagues could be operated in separate spheres.

For instance, one league would be conducted in the Marianas group of islands; another in the Marshalls; a third in the Gilberts, and others in the Carolines, down in New Guinea — even in Borneo and possibly among the Ryukyus.

**N**ATIVE promoters, quickly grasping the American system of sports organization, would then bring the respective champions to a central playoff spot — possibly Guam or Kwajalein or Saipan, or they may select to conduct individual series in certain zones, with the finalists playing a home-and-home series to decide the Pacific championship.

This is all within the realm of possibility. It becomes startlingly obvious when you come loping along a tropic road, scramble over jagged coral, brush aside sharp cane, and see Soos and his pals hard at one of our games. It's portrayed in the ability and eagerness of native girls to cut the latest jive with their servicemen escorts in the more developed bases, where there is time for such recreation. It's apparent when you visit a native classroom. There are no dull faces there — instead, you are greeted with friendly smiles, alert expressions and warm eyes.

Natives, in the younger groups particularly, seemingly are aware of this opportunity to graduate into a better organized, more divergent life, and their indoctrination in American sports is a definite means to that existence. Nor is it all "take" on the part of the Pacific people — they are giving, too.

Servicemen will return to the States with a deeper appreciation of more or less provincial sports such as deep-sea fishing, spearing certain species of water denizens and other sports and crafts, inherent to the natives.

It is quite probable there shall be "one world" in sports, with American sports predominant from Times Square to the remotest Pacific atoll. Soos and his native chums are headed in that direction.

SGT. PAUL B. HOOLIHAN



"Get your work clothes on, Son. We're going to git the Skinners tonight!"

## Transfer of Regulars

Any officer who applies for transfer to the regular Navy or to regular Marine Corps and then decides he does not want to stay, may resign at the pleasure of the President of the United States. What is more, he may resign on 1 January 1947 and his resignation will automatically be accepted by the President, states ALNAV 283.

This unequivocal guarantee was authorized by the President and released by the Secretary of the Navy in order that there may be no question in the minds of reserve and temporary regular officers concerning their military careers.

In explanation of the statement, the ALNAV points out that the Navy realizes reserves and temporary regular officers have been asked to apply for permanent service even though the authorized size of the postwar Navy has not yet been decided by Congress and the President. Therefore, it is acknowledged that many reserve and temporary regular officers may hesitate to apply for fear the Navy's sincere purpose may be effected by later developments.

"But the Navy," continues the ALNAV, "confidently expects that reserve and temporary regular officers who transfer will be thoroughly happy and satisfied in the choice they have made."

Because the Navy is not pressing officers to make a final choice immediately, reserve and temporary regular officers will be eligible for consideration in the regular Navy or Marine Corps, provided their applications are received within six months following the date of release from active duty or separation under honorable conditions. However, in fairness to those who make an earlier decision, officers who return to active duty or are separated before applying will lose precedence in proportion to the time between their release from active duty or separation and their appointment in the regular Navy.

In relation to this subject, ALNAV 271 states that reserve and temporary regular Navy and Marine officers who desire to transfer to the regular service must submit a report in duplicate of physical examination on NAVMED-Y (NAVMED-AV-1 for flying officers).

Since officers requesting transfer are required to meet the same physical standards as those now in regular service, the requirements for promotion and not for original commission must be considered where age and rank warrant. In view of this the following must be considered in each applicant's case: (a) medical history prior to entry into the service, (b) medical history during active duty and (c) present physical condition and ability to adjust to the service.

## Inspection Division

A new division at Headquarters, to be known as the Inspection Division, has been announced by the Commandant, headed by Major General Pedro A. del Valle as "Inspector General, Marine Corps." General del Valle commanded the First Division on Okinawa; served as an artillery regiment commander on Guadalcanal, and com-

manded artillery of the Third Amphibious Corps during the capture of Guam.

One of his assistants is Colonel Alan Shapley, CO of the 4th Regiment on Okinawa.

Purpose of the Inspector General Division is to aid efficiency and economy of the Corps by assisting commanders and others in performance of duties, and make regular inspections, investigations and reports as may be directed by the Commandant. Apparently, these will replace the old A&I annual inspections.

Sphere of this division includes all Marine Corps commands, posts and stations, including those under the Department of the Pacific, and aviation activities, except FMF units outside continental United States and units afloat.

## Special Services

Commanding officers are urged to make the necessary personnel available for full-time or collateral duty and to allot the necessary time for adequate programs in athletics, education, personal affairs and recreation, according to Letter of Instruction No. 1141. To further this cause, an operational manual is now being distributed to Pacific posts, stations and FMF units as a supplement to programs already supplied.

The extent to which the program can be carried out depends upon: (a) policies of the major commands, (b) preferences of participants, (c) number of participants, (d) facilities and equipment, (e) season and weather, (f) time available, and (g) educational services program activities.

It is emphasized that recreational and educational programs must be coordinated by properly qualified personnel in adequate numbers and supported by the enthusiastic interest of major commanders.

## Aid for Writers

To enable service men of this war to develop their book ideas, three companies jointly are offering a number of writing fellowships, each paying \$4000 in advance option money.

Initial payment will be \$1000 for each five-page outline of a novel or factual book acceptable to all three. The \$1000 will be paid in 10 weekly installments, during which time the author will expand his idea to a 30-page synopsis and write 20,000 words of the manuscript.

If the synopsis and sample writing are satis-

factory to all three companies, the author will receive an additional \$3000 on which to finish his book.

If the book is acceptable when completed, Twentieth Century-Fox will take up its movie option for a price that rises on a sliding scale to \$100,000. Reynal & Hitchcock will publish the book at the usual royalties and Hawley Publications will reprint the book at the customary reprint royalties to the author.

All military personnel of the armed forces who have written for military journals of any sort are eligible for the fellowships. This means that all Marines who have contributed to any of the service publications within the Marine Corps are eligible.

## Married WRs

Authorization for commanding officers to discharge married enlisted members of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, Class VI(b), without reference to HQMC is given in Letter of Instruction No. 1140, which covers the following WRs:

(1) Those in the continental United States whose husbands have been discharged from the service or are hospitalized awaiting such discharge.

(2) Those in the U.S. with one year's active service whose husbands are in this country as civilians or in military service assigned stateside. The period of active service may be waived by commanding officers in the cases of women in this category who are wives of returned prisoners of war or survivors of sunken ships.

Commanding officers outside the continental United States must transfer women reservists eligible for discharge by reason of marriage to the Department of the Pacific for discharge and must forward the request for discharge via the Commanding General, Department of the Pacific.

The letter states that requests for discharge must originate with the woman reservist and must be supported by pertinent papers. A WR whose husband is discharged or hospitalized awaiting separation must submit her spouse's discharge, or a photostat thereof, or a letter from a medical officer that her husband is awaiting discharge.

A WR whose husband is a stateside civilian, must submit an affidavit from her husband setting forth his residence status in this country. If her husband is in military service she must present a letter from his commanding officer setting forth assignment in the U.S. If the husband is a returned prisoner of war or a survivor of a sunken ship, an affidavit of that fact must be submitted.

Discharge is given "for her own convenience" and the WR concerned will be issued the type of discharge certificate to which she is entitled in accordance with instructions contained in Mail-brief 14,443.

The original signed request for discharge, with supporting papers for file, must be forwarded to HQMC by endorsement from the commanding officer showing date discharge was effected, as well as the individual's forwarding address.

## Marines: Here's the Complete Scoop on Veteran's Rights

For the information of all naval personnel, ALNAV 287 reviews some of the federal laws enacted for the benefit of World War II veterans and their dependents. This information, which every Marine should know, is available at separation centers, community veterans information centers and from Navy civil readjustment officers and Marine Corps rehabilitation officers.

To quickly outline these important benefits, the principal laws involved are listed below:

(1) *The Selective Service and Training Act*: This act provides for reemployment rights after completion of active duty and for the legal means of enforcing rights in contentions over a veteran's former job. In connection with assistance in securing a former job, the Selective Service board in the veteran's

home community provides job counseling and job placement services.

(2) *The Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act*: As outlined in NAVPERS 15014, the act protects civil rights of service personnel while they are in the armed forces with provisions for the welfare of their dependents, taxes, law suits, commercial insurance, repossession of property, evictions and rights in public lands. This protection extends over the period of service and for a limited time after discharge or separation.

Before separation Navy and Marine Corps legal assistance officers should be consulted on the full provisions of this act; after separation local legal aid societies or civilian attorneys should be consulted.

(3) *The Vocational Training Act*: Under

this law, vocationally handicapped veterans are permitted as many as four years of training. Administered by the Veterans Administration, the law provides for vocational advisers to aid and guide each applicant who is entitled to and in need of vocational training.

(4) *The Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944* (better known as "The GI Bill of Rights"): This was the last general act passed for the benefit of veterans. It supplements many provisions of the other acts and is administered by the Veterans Administration. Its benefits include: the education and training of veterans; guarantee of loans for the purchase of homes, farms and business property; procurement of readjustment allowance for unemployed veterans; and certain hospitalization rights.





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**GRANGER**  
**MILD AND COOL**

If you're a pipe smoker,  
use GRANGER. It's *made* for pipes—  
burns slower and lasts longer. The famous  
Wellman Process makes GRANGER  
smoke so mild and cool that *it's*  
*pipe tobacco at its best.* Buy  
GRANGER for your pipe.



## Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than getting caught AWOL?



But your dentist is up on such matters as having an answer for tender gums and the attendant consequences and may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**T**YPES who have absent-mindedly wandered away from camp, while mulling over some tactical problem, will inform you that what happens when they get caught is a very dark brown thing indeed.

But, frankly, that touch of "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning that stuff may be going on which can lead to life being a considerably darker shade of brown than practically anything heretofore.

Yes, indeed. In fact, that tinge of "pink" is a sign that you had better see the dentist.

He may tell you that today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise, that your gums are becoming tender.

(You may also be getting yourself a smile that is dull and dingy—and dolls do not go for such smiles.)

Because this Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean your teeth but, with massage, to help your gums.

And listen: Massaging this extra bit of Ipana on your gums will be of assistance in helping you to smile with more voltage.

You may obtain, in short, a smile such as is inclined to jolt dolls and other female characters into insensibility.

Do not, however, hold us to this. Some chicks are invulnerable.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

## Ipana and Massage

## Incident in the CHINA SEA

**T**HE squat, sea-shark of a Privateer waddled down the taxiway with her innards bulging like a gypsy cart. Leo Kennedy wheeled it onto the mat and fireballed down Yontan airfield. In spite of the heavy bomb load, he picked it up easily into the filthy Okinawa weather.

Joe Jobe at the yoke of the second Privateer knifed into the clam chowder sky and eased his plane up to Kennedy's until their wing tips were only 50 feet apart. The zero-zero ceiling pushed them down so close to the ocean that they were more flying fish than planes. Huddled together like sparrows in a storm, the two Privateers bucked through pelting sheets of rain as they moved on a northwesterly course toward the coast of China.

It was just past 0900 when these two planes of the Navy's Reluctant Raiders (VPB 109) hiked up into the muck for a last crack at the jackpot — the cluttered wharves of Shanghai.

Weeks ago, the outfit had come up from the Philippines where they had hawked Jap bottoms plying around Java and the South China seas. Operations off Okinawa had fattened up their score-board and the Raiders had been standing by to go home when word came that Shanghai Harbor was bulging at the seams. Four pilots volunteered for the mission, Kennedy among them. Only two days before he had sunk a Jap destroyer off Chosen, Korea. They were giving him the Navy Cross for that — but he would never know it.

Leo Kennedy was the kind of pilot who didn't have a nickname. He was a second tour man, a two-striper Irishman who flew like the sky was an old friend. Steady, considerate and gentle-spoken, his crew practically worshiped him. Rated as one of the top two pilots in the squadron, Leo piled up his combat hours as a means to an end — to get back to a Missouri farm where he had learned that you have to work in the mud to get results.

Kennedy had flown with the squadron on the first trip out when it had been skippered by Commander Norm Miller, the One Man Task Force. Those were the days when their beat-up Libs were creaming everything Japanese in the Gilberts and Marshalls — and when the Raiders became the low-level specters over the Truk lagoon.

Flying with Leo Kennedy this May morning was Lt. Dave Duncan, Marine combat photographer, and his regular crew — Ensign Bill Wassmer, co-pilot and navigator; his alternate, Lieutenant Jim Marshall and eight aircrewmembers who manned battle stations from nose to tail turret.

For all of them, time lead-footed its way as the planes bored through the muck. Finally Jobe broke away and climbed up, looking for a break in the front. Kennedy followed and at 8,000 feet they were splashed in sunshine.

**F**INDING the outer rim of the storm, the Privateers nosed down for the Chusan Islands which clutter up China's coast above the 30th parallel. They came in over the precipitous islands of the archipelago at 100 feet, skimming the fishing fleet which cluttered up the sluggish, muddy sea like a swarm of water bugs. They roared over quilted patterns of farmland where the women and children, working the fields in weird, conical hats, never even paused to glance at their passing.

In easy sight of the table-top coastline of China, Kennedy wheeled off on his right wingtip and settled down on a northerly course, dead on for the mouth of the Yangtze.

Immediately, two anchored ships appeared off his bow. One was a light ship of perhaps 400 tons and the other its armed escort. Kennedy rushed to the right to put the targets off his left wing. Jobe's plane led as they went down low and close into a counterclockwise circle pass.

Kennedy's crew opened up with ten .50 calibers and tied their triggers down as the Privateer held its graceful arc. As tracers chewed into the lightship, it settled and wallowed in the water. Sporadic fires blossomed on the escort vessel, then its stern sheeted into full flame. Their circle and destruction complete, the two planes came out of their stately bank and continued north.

Abruptly, on the hazy, outer rim of their visibility, appeared two more ships, about eight miles away. These were long, lean babies, Duncan said. They were combat ships, echeloned a quarter mile apart and bound for the coast.

Jobe and Kennedy slid wide and caught up with them, circling



aft of their sterns for a look-see. These two really put them in business. They were identical attack transports, 10,000 tons each and packed to the gills with troops.

Kennedy slowly smiled over his left shoulder at Duncan crouching behind him, "I've got a couple of good ones for you, Dave."

The planes completed their loop and split to make a joint attack on the trailing transport. They came in from opposite sides to split up the AA fire with Kennedy on the outside run. Duncan was working over Leo's shoulder, his camera poked out the open port hatch.

As they closed to 200 feet, Duncan could see both Jap ships. They were single-stackers with bows as clean as a light cruiser's, and so new they weren't even in the books. No heavy rifles were on deck to mar their graceful lines. But they bristled with sand-bagged flak guns on the pilot house, and more were along the rails behind heavy armor plating.

Kennedy's galloping arsenal let go with maximum fire-power converging on the last transport. As Duncan shot his first picture he could see no one on deck. He could see that the ship's guns weren't returning the fire. That was the way it should be. These strafing runs were steel brooms that swept the decks and gouged out flak positions so bomb runs would draw less fire.

The Privateer's .50s clawed through the water and ate up into the gray-green transport. Tracers popped off the armor-plating like embers bursting from a forest fire.

Closing on the lead transport, Kennedy's plane finally drew fire from guns that spat back from along the rail. Ahead, Jobe was getting it too. He had just finished his run on the leader when a fist of flak smashed away most of his plane's huge tail.

Kennedy continued on course with the left wing tipped down a bit to give the top turret men a clean target. Duncan was leaning out over Leo's shoulder, shutter cocked on the camera, ready to take the first picture of the bomb run. Jap tracers winked red eyes at him as the plane caught and passed the lead transport. The left wing tip dropped a little more as Kennedy peered through the blister to watch his after-guns chop into the transport.

Then, in a flash of black and grey, Duncan's world exploded. A .20 mm shell had punched up through the skin of the plane, exploding in the cockpit. The blast knocked Duncan cold and threw him back into the radio compartment.

The plane veered sharply over on the right wing and plunged for the ocean some 300 feet away. Kennedy was hit badly, but in the few seconds before he fainted he used his last bit of strength to help Wassmer wrench the jammed rudder pedals back over his own feet. The plane leveled out hardly a man's height from the dark waters of the China Sea

**DUNCAN** came to lying face downward in the runway.

Vaguely, he noticed that his left wrist was spurting blood where a sliver of shrapnel had pierced an artery. He pried the piece out with a knife and hitched on a tourniquet with a handkerchief.

Looking up, he saw Marshall, who must have stepped over him, helping Kennedy out of the pilot's seat. Duncan got to his feet to bear a hand and saw Wassmer grimly holding the plane on course while he checked the crew over the intercom. They all rogered o.k.

Several of the crew came forward and broke out parachutes and flight jackets to make Kennedy comfortable as they laid him on the floor of the radio compartment. They ministered to him as tenderly and as expertly as they knew how, but he never regained consciousness.

Thirty-one minutes after the enemy shell exploded, Lieutenant Leo Kennedy — who wanted to go back to a farm — died as he had lived — quietly.

The crew took Leo's death like losing someone in their own family. They sat there stunned and crying inside. Finally, without a word, they went back to their battle stations.

Meanwhile Bill Wassmer had jettisoned the bomb load and found that the bay doors would only close part way. Another .20 mm shell had put them out of commission.

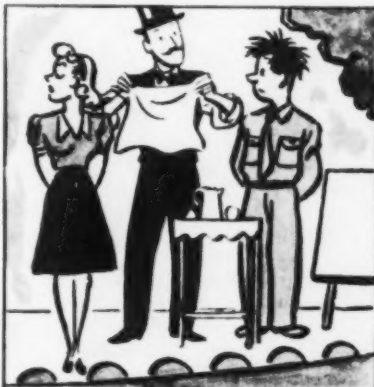
Back over Okinawa, at 1630, they found it dark and miserable with the rain still coming down. Marshall went up to help Wassmer bring it in. This landing was not going to be a piece of cake. The nose wheel was useless, the bomb bay doors were ajar and the pilot's controls were badly damaged.

The Privateer made a long, tired approach to the field with Duncan and the crew huddling in the bomb bay to equalize the weight. As it hit the runway, they dived for the tail section. The plane screeched down Yontan field like a mad thing, sounding to those inside as if the ground was tearing the plane apart to get at them. The tail skid ripped off. The plane slowed down, rocked a bit and lay broken on the runway.

The rain was still falling in the morning when they attended Leo Kennedy's funeral.

CAPT. JOHN A. DE CHANT, USMC

# Pfc. Casanova—



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ONE OF THE most popular kinds of people with women are men. Of these the most popular are men with handsome hair. Be one of these with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

As follows: 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry, tight scalp. This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair...and makes your hair look more alive, vital.

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feel almost as  
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## Gyrene Gygles

### WHITE CROSSES

Where shadows of white crosses reach  
Across green fields and barren beach  
The silence that must linger there  
Gives back the whisper of a prayer  
As from the valley of their sleep  
The brave give us a trust to keep —  
The heritage of peaceful years  
For which they gave their blood and tears.

The shadows of white crosses lie  
Where none may hear the victor's cry,  
But if we fail to proudly bear  
The burdens that they bid us share,  
The echoes of our joy shall be  
A vain and bitter mockery  
Of all the things they boldly gave —  
Their hopes and dreams that shroud the grave.

Where shadows of white crosses shade  
The earth that they have sacred made,  
Lord God of Hosts may they rejoice  
To know it is our selfless choice  
To mend the hearts and souls of men  
That crosses may not march again  
Across the slopes and greening fields  
To mark the brave beside their shields.  
— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK  
Cherry Point, N. C.

### SACKTIME

Sing a song of sack time,  
Lying on your back time  
In the Land of Nod.  
Let the ack-ack clatter  
'Cause it really doesn't matter  
And you're gonna sleep, by God!  
You can have your wine and women,  
Your party and your song,  
But when your butt is draggin'  
To the sack where you belong,  
There you'll find the blissful  
Ease and heart's content,  
Be it feather bed or GI pad,  
A foxhole or a tent.  
Sigh and groan and mutter,  
Send paeons to the sky,  
Sing a song of sack time  
As on your back you lie.

— CAPT. EARL J. WILSON

Pacific

### HOME

A yard full of leaves or patches of  
unknown grass,  
Hollyhocks clinging to a protecting  
fence,  
A porch rail with gaping teeth  
And a battered garbage can;

The steady clanging garage door,  
Soft rain on the roof,  
The poker's jangle in the grate,  
A blanket of snow on the window  
sill —

A cheery, "Time to get up!"  
Odors of coffee, bacon and eggs,  
Saturday night dinners and warmed  
over lunches,  
Apples or cookies in a bowl;

Christmas mystery — hidden gifts,  
Candles on a birthday cake,  
The season's first corn on the cob,  
Tracks on the floor — spring thaw!

A good book in an easy chair,  
Rest after work or play,  
The funnies spread on a welcome  
rug,  
Music, laughter, and loafing!

A sink full of dirty dishes,  
Creaking stairs at two AM,  
The drip-drop of the spigot,  
A cluttered basement —

The chug of washing machine, clean  
smell of sprinkled clothes,  
Tall cans in a row in the fruit cellar,  
Full waste paper basket,  
Clean white sheets.

A voice of wrath or silly giggle,  
Encouragement, and warning reprimand,  
From the pleasure of a friend, to  
loneliness and boredom,  
Tears and smiles, joys and sorrows;  
Welcome smiles at evening,  
Folks who understand and love me,  
Tender, brave goodbyes at parting  
time —  
Haven in the time of storm, love,  
Home!

— TSGT. JOHN T. FRYE

Pacific

### KILLED ON OKINAWA

(To Lt. Rodney Gaumnitz, USMC)  
It was far from Okinawa's shore  
To the lakes and fields of Minnesota  
Where you were born;  
And to the rolling hills of Virginia  
Where you went a while to school,  
And came back later  
To learn the bitter arts of war  
At Quantico.

It was far, too, from the drive for  
touchdown,  
The calm sinking of a foul shot,  
The clever lob, hitting a home run,  
Practicing high jumping in your  
backyard;  
Far from economic lectures at the  
U. of Minnesota,  
From laughter and friendship  
And walks along the Potomac  
And dances in the spring.

In a brief instant your being  
Encompassed more of time and  
space

Than all your paths before.  
We who are left behind  
Are suddenly humbled and feel  
How poor and tawdry our lives were  
Compared to the rich promise of  
yours.

We wonder at the unreasonableness  
Of the times we live in.

— SGT. JAMES McNALLY

San Diego, Calif.

### DAWN

The fading moon drops behind the  
shadowy transports;  
The first fiery fingers come streaking  
from the Eastern seas.  
The waking troops murmur — startled  
by the water as the decks  
are flushed.

The line of phantoms moves slowly  
toward chow —  
And day is born again on the ocean.

— PVT. L. P. BIGGS

Pacific

### AFTER IWO JIMA

Along the sizzling wires and through  
the air,  
Across the looming headlines swiftly  
strung,  
See! Words that tell the Battle's  
When and Where —  
First all this praise, then medals  
toward us flung.

Be proud, my lad! — You're in fine  
company;  
We Devil dogs came crashing  
through once more,  
A Nation is in debt to you and me,  
For we have opened wide Japan's  
front door!

Of course, the men who truly earned  
that praise  
Are still back there, incongruously  
dead...  
They wear no medals on their chests  
these days:  
They wear a poncho, and their  
wounds, instead.

It's good those heroes can't make  
speeches, though —  
The audience would sicken, rise  
and go.

— 1st LT. EDWARD TOMASIAN

Pacific



*But wait until  
you see my balance  
in the BANK*



● Bicycle Bill started an allotment savings account not so long ago. Now his pass book shows a balance of over \$1000. He'll be sitting prettier than he is now when he gets back...and so will you if you start your savings account today. Fill out an identification blank, have your Commanding Officer certify your signature, and mail it to any one of the Bank of America branches located in cities and towns throughout California.

*Veterans who come home to California will find this bank, through its Vet-Loan Plan,\* ready to help men who want to own a business, a farm, or a home. For a special new booklet, address Dept. AD, Bank of America, San Francisco 20.*

\*Vet-Loan Plan includes and supplements the credit provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

# Bank of America

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## DRAW ONE

I'M GOING into this bar down on Fourteenth Street in Washington and I'm saying to this dame behind the counter, draw one. Then I spots this character sitting on a stool a couple of feet away. I see the Marine honorable discharge button in his lapel right away and I know I am in for it because he is looking too old to have been in this clambake and I know he must have been in that side-show they had in 1917.

And I know he is going to begin telling me how he served with the Fifth Regiment as soon as he spots my fourragère because if all the guys who have told me they fought with the Fifth in France were laid end to end, I wouldn't be surprised but would just as soon bear a hand laying them there myself.

So I am watching him out of the corner of my eye while the dame is drawing my bucket of suds and I know that pretty soon he is going to ask, were you at the 'Canal, Corporal, and I'll be saying yes and New Georgia and Peleliu, too, and I wish I was down with my buddies at Okinawa because I want just one more crack at the dirty little sons of Heaven.

And he'll be telling me how he saved my commanding general at Belleau Wood in '18 when the Old Man wasn't nothing but a corporal and how he got a personal citation from General Pershing.

While I am thinking about all this I finish my brew, so I says to the dame, do it again.

I'm starting in on this new glass and I know what will be coming next. He'll be noticing my ribbons and be saying, well well, I notice you have the Silver Star and Purple Heart and that's not bad at all even though I did pick up the Navy Cross and Purple Heart with Gold Star last war when medals weren't being handed out like rations. And then he'll be saying how did I manage to get the Silver Star and I'll be having to tell him and show him a copy of the citation which I just happened to have in my billfold here.

Then he will be wanting to know how I was wounded and I'll be having to tell him and probably show him the Jap .31 slug I caught in my hip which I just happen to have in my pocket here.

Thinking about all this talking I am going to have to do makes me thirsty so I down my beer and say to the dame, the same. And you might think this character would at least say this one is on me, since he is the one that is causing me to drink them so fast, knowing all this talking of his I am going to have to listen to. But he just sips his Scotch and soda and don't say a word which is just the way these four-flushers are that want you to listen to their long stories without even setting them up.

Because I know what is coming now. He'll be telling me how he went down to the recruiting station the day after Pearl Harbor and begged them to let him back in the "Good Ole Corps" so he can get over and knock off a few hundred of the little yellow brothers. Then he'll be saying that he tried to cover up the nine places where the Huns got him but the Navy doctor says, nix, we need you on the home front to buy bonds.

So I order myself another brew, just to be ready for it.

Because then would be the time for the old Semper Fidelis routine and the old once-a-Marine-always-a-Marine gag. Then he'll say he sure hopes I get a chance to go back over and if I do, how about sending him a pair of Jap ears and give 'em hell, boy.

This burns me up so bad just thinking about it that I says to the girl, a short one.

Then I hear him ask for his check and I say, "What outfit, Mac?"

He says, "I beg your pardon?"

So I repeats, "What outfit? What regiment? Where did you serve last war?"

Can you believe it? After all this routine he admits that he was not even in the last war but only a Class IV Reserve in this one and never did anything but guard duty and had just got an overage discharge the week before.

SGT. NOLLE T. ROBERTS  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



"They won't let me out. It seems my blood is 50 per cent alcohol!"

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GRIFFIN ABC Paste Polish gives you a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.

*THAT'S  
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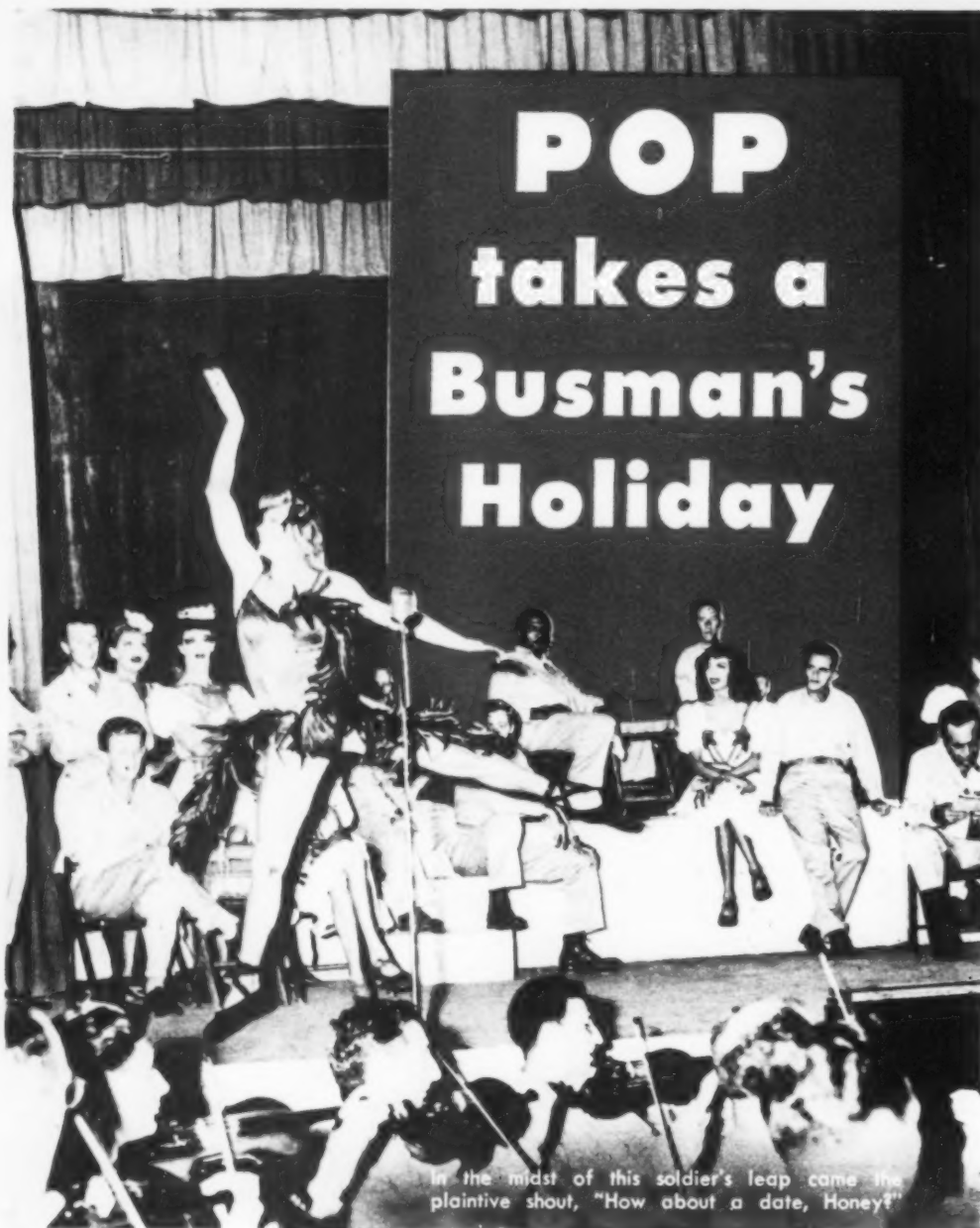


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# GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME  
IN SHOE POLISH



Signal Corps Photo

## All he had ever done in 34 years of show business was heckle. So he took a night off on Guam — to heckle

**A**N OVERSEAS tour unprecedented for any theatrical troupe — 100,000 miles in almost two years — brings Irving Berlin's all-soldier show, *'This Is the Army,'* to the middle Pacific Area where its 160 khaki-clad thespians will entertain service audiences before the show winds up its tour in Honolulu.

So read the publicity giz, and as a result, USMC jeep 0001312 — which likewise has an unprecedented record of 100,000 miles in its almost two years — brought me to the Guam theater where *"This Is the Army"* was presenting its 160 khaki-clad thespians, plus Pop. Pop was not on the program; Pop's not even in the Army, but for one performance Pop was the star of the show.

It was ten minutes after I had kneeed my way down a row of Marines and found a seat. When Pop tried the same trick, he had somewhat more difficulty, stepping on guys' toes, muddying up their trousers and apologizing all the way. Eventually he dropped into the seat beside me.

Pop was white-haired, stooped, with a wrinkled and sun-burned face. His green shirt and pants typed

him, obviously, an over-age Seabee, waiting out his rotation mixing cement on Guam. Maybe I shouldn't mention it, but Pop was slightly inebriated.

He gave me the bloodshot eye.

"What's this here show, son?"

I told him *"This Is the Army"* was making one of its final performances in a world tour.

Pop wasn't paying much attention. He was thoughtfully studying the crowd. Turning back to me, he declared in a Lionel Barrymoreish voice:

"You see what a nice house we got tonight? What a box-office!"

Now that he mentioned it, the theater was full, maybe 3000 servicemen. Suddenly, with the impact of an atom bomb, my right eardrum was all but split by a scream six inches away:

"Let's go!"

I looked with amazement at that poor, little white-haired old man, meekly grinning. Leaning over, he whispered, "They can hear me in the last seat in the last row. Voice control, that's why. Youngsters don't study it enough these days."

My ear was still ringing from Pop's exclamation,

but he rambled on alcoholically about how he'd had dinner that very evening with a commodore and an admiral, and how he'd got drunk on four little ones. The latter I could believe.

By now the show was two minutes late, waiting for a general. As suddenly as before, and without warning, Pop leaned back and roared:

"Let's get going!"

This time I was positive the last seat heard it. But Pop did it so inoffensively scarcely anyone around us realized where the exclamation came from.

Whether as a result of Pop's remarks I do not know, but the lights dimmed and the band struck up the national anthem. To a man, the audience rose. To a man, that is, except Pop. I had to help him to his feet.

The exertion of the yelling or the standing wearied Pop, for he was nodding before the opening chorus was completed.

During the opening number, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," the appearance of five soldiers in skivvies brought a roar from the house loud enough to wake up Pop. As the act progressed, and the applause gave way to silence, the air was rent with a Pacific version of the Rebel yell:

"Yeowowowowowowowoweeeee!"

I was beginning to feel like crawling between the slats of the bench in my embarrassment, but despite the crowd's laughter at the interruption, no one seemed able to trace it to Pop. The old man winked at me.

A shout like the last one plumb wore him out, and he dozed off for a few acts. *"I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep,"* and *"Don't Sing — Go Into Your Dance,"* both top-notch choral and dance numbers, won the whole-hearted approval of the audience, except for Pop. He slept soundly.

Corp. Larry Weeks' swell juggling act aroused repeated applause, which again woke Pop. For once he stared with bleary eyes, without comment.

**T**HE next number was a "Ladies of the Chorus" routine, the "ladies" being full-fledged GI's in feminine attire. Rather sexy, in fact, but I never dreamed Pop would find them so appealing. He placed two fingers to his lips and emitted a whistle shriller and more soul-stirring than Guam's air-raid sirens.

To my surprise, no MPs tried to throw Pop out. Not even when, during the next number, he yelled at a gorgeous "blonde" in sleek evening gown, "Hy, how about a date, honey?"

In a skit entitled "Daddy's Furlough," Corp. Hank Henry, as the intruding grandmother, made Pop so mad he screamed, "Throw the bitch out!"

And during a salute to the Navy, in which the chorus was dressed as sailors, Pop boomed:

"Where in hell's the Marines?"

By this time, MPs were roaming the audience, but Pop must have possessed some ventriloquial quality. They never came close.

The entire company joined in the finale, "This Time." The ovation at the conclusion was deafening. Pop counted the curtain calls aloud and on his fingers.

"One, two, three of 'em, four, five! Did you see that? Five curtain calls! Five!" he exclaimed.

*"This Is the Army"* had completed its performance. So had Pop.

With a sort of amateur's appreciation for the troupier, I asked him:

"Say, Pop, were you an actor before you got in the Seabees?"

He replied like a hurt child:

"Me, a Seabee? Son, I'm no Seabee. I'm with USO-Camp Shows, Inc., Unit No. 803B. Been in show business thirty-four years."

I expressed interest and asked him what he did in Unit No. 803B.

"Now don't let this get around," he replied confidentially, "but in our show I play the part of an old Seabee in the audience. I'm the plant, the guy in the audience who heckles the players on the stage. It's all I've ever done in 34 years of show business, heckle from the audience."

"Tonight's your night off?" I surmised.

"Sure," Pop said. "No show tonight, so I'm just sort of relaxing. Nothing like somebody else's show for relaxation."

CORP. ODOM FANNING

### ELEANOR CAHILL

*This month's pin-up is a model  
in the Walter Thornton agency*





## MARINE EMBLEMATIC JEWELRY



Here is the popular matched gift set featuring Lavalier, Bracelet and Earrings with Marine Corps gold filled crest mounted on white pearl medallion—24K gold plated chain—set complete, only \$19.50, or separately as:

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With rank guard and gold plated Sterling Silver guard and chain

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## No Ice Cream Sodas

HE TURNED his head a bit, as he lay there in the little gully, and saw that the blood on the ground was drying quickly under the raw noonday sun.

Strange that the machine gun bullet had cut Chuck almost in half, but hadn't even touched him. They'd both started to hit the deck together, but Chuck got it and he didn't. Pretty good guy. Chuck. Came from Missouri, didn't he?

That Nambu was only 100 yards away. He'd have to be moving soon but right now it felt good to stay flat on the hard earth. Those spruce trees don't give much shade. Too small yet. You wouldn't expect to find spruces here on Okinawa. Palm trees and coral sand to evergreen and volcanic rock. South Pacific, Southwest Pacific, Central Pacific, the China Sea. Twenty-two months now, wasn't it? Twenty-two months and six days. Go home after 24, maybe? A hell of a time to think of that.

Time to move now. Head down, shoulders down, rear down. Here's that big tree at last. Well, they're not getting too close yet.

Might as well eat that piece of chocolate he'd tucked away this morning. Hope too much of it isn't stuck to that page he'd torn from a magazine to wrap it in. This tropical chocolate's a lot better than the old D ration, but it's still too dry. Could be worse, though. Anything on that ripped sheet to read? To hell with it. Another one of those ads. Wonder if the fellow that writes them has any idea of what it's like out here?

Fighting for ice cream sodas? Right now he'd settle for a can of cold C ration, if he could only eat it back there with his outfit.

Sorry I have to kill you Tojo, but I'm fighting for ice cream sodas. People back in the States can't really be thinking like that. Wonder what the guy who wrote this ad is like. Maybe a bald-headed old jerk sitting in a nice soft leather chair. More likely some guy who's got a little house just out of town and who's paying installments on furniture. Writing stuff like that is just his way of making a living. No sense in getting mad about it. Even his own folks don't know what it's like; he could tell that from their letters. Maybe it's just as well they don't.

Maybe Jackie likes ice cream sodas now. It was funny that first time they gave him one and he put up a howl about it. Then Jane put the ice cream in one glass and the soda in another for him. That made it okay. That Jackie's quite a kid.

Might as well chance a look at the Japs. Two of them. Not too bad, could be a lot worse. One Nambu. Two Japs. One Marine.

SOUNDS are odd things. These machine gun bursts keep on echoing long after the firing stops. He'd expect that in a cave but not out here in the forest. The lieutenant was talking about it last night. Something about the ledges and cliffs, probably.

Motobu Peninsula. Never heard of it until a few days ago. Wonder if anyone home knows where it is or that he's there. That's a crazy idea. But Jane must know he's on Okinawa. No letters from him, probably, for three or four weeks. And she must have read about the landings.

Darling Jane, I am on Motobu Peninsula, with two Japs trying to kill me with a machine gun. My dearest Jane, I love you. Has the cellar door been fixed yet? Are you sure you're getting along all right? My wife, my own wife. Jackie's mother. Thank God, you don't think I'm fighting for ice cream sodas, Jane.

A lump of soft rock to go crashing into the brush as far away as he could throw it. An old trick, but he'd try it anyway. A shell in the chamber, clip all set. Get them or they'd get him.

Here goes. Good, they're swinging the gun over that way. There's one down. Must have smashed his face all in. Here's the gun swinging back. Not much time now. In the sights, steady. Don't jerk. Squeeze it. Got him in the belly, it looks like. Tough, Tojo, but you've got to take a couple of more to make sure. That does it. Two dead Japs. One lonely Nambu. One Marine. When your luck's with you, you're okay. When it's not — what the hell?

Dear Jackie. Your father just killed two Japs, shooting one of them three times. He's killing Japs for ice cream sodas.

That's just about enough of that stuff, chum. A guy is better off when he doesn't do any thinking at all out here. It doesn't get him anywhere. Must be about 1500 now, and time to start getting back. They won't say much about Chuck. Nobody says much about anything like that any more. Just a white cross for Chuck. No ice cream sodas. No nothing.

He walked up to where the Japs lay by their machine gun and nudged them with his foot to make sure they were dead. He went back to the gully in which he had first rolled. He looked down without expression at the sprawled body on the heat-cracked earth. Then he slung his rifle over his right shoulder and started back through the woods.

SSGT. RAY FITZPATRICK  
USMC Combat Correspondent

## FAMOS Fables:

BARBED WIRE OR WIRY BEARDS—  
THE SAME TO FAMOS BLADES



My job was to cut the barbed wire which was holding up our advance. When I arrived at the barrier through heavy enemy fire, alas, my cutting implements were gone.

Then, I remembered the package of FAMOS BLADES which I always carry with me, and say—Those FAMOS BLADES cut through the barbed wire as smooth and easy as they whisk through the wiriest of beards! Bub, just you try them, and see for yourself!



BUY  
MORE  
BONDS!

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You like a  
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If she would  
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You'd know  
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Look better?  
Why sure—  
Just make this  
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LUX SOAP  
you'll always  
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BEST!

Get hep to Lux—and it's  
dates for sure! Gorgeous gals  
go for the guy with a slick,  
shining pan that comes from  
Lux Soap's Active lather. Let  
this wonder soap brighten up  
your mug, make you feel won-  
derful, too!

At your P. X. today!



# Sacrifice

## IN A GORGE

**T**HIS is the story of an episode on Iwo Jima. It concerns the ambush of a reconnaissance company, now a legend to the men of the Fourth Marine Division who lived through it. It is the saga of the advance of a 60-man patrol into a valley of death. Fifteen of them died in the rock-strewn gorge. Thirty others were shot up so badly they had to be carried or led out, staggering, stumbling blindly, more dead than alive.

After days of vicious fighting before a murderous set of Jap fortifications on Hill 382 the infantry was still bogged down. The immediate objective was the gorge and the high ground leading up to 382. It was decided that the reconnaissance company would drive directly into the gorge and wipe out Jap pockets of resistance while two infantry companies advanced along the flanks, each taking high ground on either side.

The attack opened in the early morning. Nearly all of the 60 recon men carried either automatic rifles or Tommy guns, and for sheer fire power they probably comprised the most heavily armed patrol to operate on Iwo. Advancing warily the patrol moved into the gorge, unexpectedly encountering no resistance. The only Japs who confronted them were dead ones, victims of American mortar fire. Under orders to tie up with the flanking companies the patrol kept its collective eye peeled for a sign of them. There was none.

Behind them the recon men could hear the noise of fighting—bursting grenades, the pub-pub-pub of American machine guns, the rattling thud of rifle fire. Off somewhere to the right the heavier crump of mortar and artillery shells shook the gorge. But when the battle noises failed to move abreast of them the 60 Marines sensed something had gone wrong. They kept working forward.

The infantry companies had jumped off on schedule and were promptly halted after a very few yards by intense enemy fire coming from towering 382. Man after man was cut down. It would have been useless, hopeless slaughter to keep moving up. The infantry could only dig in on that bullet-swept high ground. (It was learned later that the two companies, pitifully under strength after two weeks of fighting, faced a force of 2500 Japs.)

Down in the canyon the recon patrol had reached the rockiest and deepest part of the draw when a Jap sniper cranked off a single shot. The bullet hit a Marine between the eyes, and, as if the shot were a signal, two Jap machine guns opened up. They had been set up behind excellent concealment to catch the Marines in a perfect crossfire.

**E**VERY one in the patrol was forced to take cover behind boulders. No one could spot the Jap machine guns. As he had always been, the Iwo Jap was a phantom enemy. Motioning to his comrades to cover him a Marine stood up. He wanted to draw the machine-gun fire. Instead he drew another bullet from a sniper and went down, shot between the eyes.

Among the Marines there was grudging admiration for the accuracy of the Nip shooting. The hidden marksman was good.

Marine and Jap swapped snap shots for hours, but every time the patrol tried to move it cost a man or two. The ambush was perfect. The sides of the gorge were too steep for scaling. There was nothing to do but stay and take it, or withdraw.

Finally the order to withdraw did come. Wounded had to be taken along, of course, and this would require an exhibition of the sort of courage it takes to meet almost certain death; it would require the laying of a withdrawal fire. Several of the Marines in the van stood up, Tommy guns ready to saw down any Nip who could be spotted raising his head to fire.

One man had his gun shot from his hands. He remained standing, waving a fist at the enemy lines, fiercely challenging a Jap to show himself. It was a deliberate attempt to draw fire.

Carrying the wounded, the rest of the patrol crawled slowly back as the ranks of the rearguard grew thinner. The air was screaming with ricocheting bullets. Many of those who stayed down were hit. Some lay still. Others, now wounded themselves, continued to carry the wounded they had assigned themselves. A gunnery sergeant, who later received the Silver Star, made repeated trips back into the gorge. It was 2000 before he had made his last trip into the valley of death.

But the Japs paid heavily that night. Four hundred of them died before Marine foxholes up and down the sector when the men of Hirohito attempted a counter attack. The gorge was a safer place the next day. Marines could walk into it, upright, and carry out the bodies of those who had remained behind so they might escape.

BY SSgt. JACK VINCENT

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# SERVICEMEN! SERVICEWOMEN! VETERANS! BIG, EASY CONTEST-57 Prizes!

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SCIENCE**  
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2 <sup>ND</sup> PRIZE . . .	500
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50 OTHERS of \$25 <sup>00</sup> each	

## 57 CHANCES to WIN a big cash prize in this easy HANDICRAFTWORK CONTEST!

There's no bigger kick than actually making things with your own hands! And you can depend on it, there's some type of handicraft you'll shine at once you get started, because there are literally hundreds of different craftwork hobbies. Maybe you're a past master of one. If not, you can easily begin now and still have plenty of time to send in your entry by April 1, 1946, when this unique POPULAR SCIENCE contest closes. Remember—there are 57 SEPARATE PRIZES! What should you make? You may get an idea out of POPULAR SCIENCE MAGAZINE, but you can enter anything at all you have already made or anything you want to make, just so long as it comes within the rules below. Don't forget!

*Merely follow these simple rules...*

**1** The contest is open to (1) men and women now serving in any branch of the U. S. armed forces, (2) men and women honorably discharged since December 7, 1941, (3) men who served in the U. S. merchant marine during the war. All handicraft entries, however, must have been completed during the period of service. Employees of POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY or their families are not eligible.

**2** Each article entered must have been made personally by the serviceman or woman in whose name it is entered. Entries may represent any type of craftsmanship or handicraft except paintings, drawings, prints, renderings, or photography. Contestants may enter as many articles as they desire, but no one shall be eligible for more than one prize.

**3** Prizes will be awarded for those articles of craftsmanship which, the opinion of the judges, rank highest in craft technique, use of

unusual or discarded materials, original design, and utilitarian or decorative value. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

**4** A friend or relative may enter an article in the name of a serviceman, provided a statement signed by the serviceman is attached, giving his permission and attesting the object was made by him and complies with these rules.

**5** All entries must be accompanied by a statement giving the name, rank, and permanent home address of the contestant; the materials and tools used; the approximate date when the object was completed; if a veteran, the date of discharge; and if a merchant seaman, the beginning and closing dates (approximate) of his service at sea.

**6** The articles of craftsmanship themselves (not photographs) must be forwarded direct to Serv-

icemen's Handicraft Contest Editor, POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y., in a package carefully tagged with the name and address of the sender. An envelope containing the information requested in Item 5 should be attached securely to the package.

**7** When packed for shipment, entries must not exceed 50 pounds in weight.

**8** Entries must bear a postmark or have been shipped not later than 6 p.m., Monday, April 1, 1946; provided, however, that no entries will be accepted if received later than 6 p.m., Tuesday, April 30, 1946. Winners will be announced in POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY as

soon as practicable after the closing date.

**9** Prize-winning entries will become the property of POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY will make every effort to return non-winning entries which are accompanied by adequate postage but assumes no responsibility therefor. Contestants desiring return of items must attach thereto an envelope containing postage and a self-addressed sticker or tag.

**10** Judges will include representatives of the United States armed services, the editors of POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, and others. The decisions of the judges will be final.

**Send your entry before April 1st, 1946 to**

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, 353 Fourth Ave., New York 10



On one of Maui's beautiful beaches PFC Buck Buchanan and pert Mona Monary while away a lazy afternoon. Mona enjoys a bottle of pop and

the coolness of sand trickling between her bare toes. Buck, who was hit on two while with the 25th Regiment, just sits and enjoys Mona

# On MAUI with MONA

**H**O HUM! The pineapple ads, you know, have been pretty die-hard about this "Beautiful Hawaii" business. Even with the war on, the false rumors would not subside and battle trainees in the mid-Pacific archipelago looked in vain for a palm-tree paradise. The lovely idyll here is merely the dream-child of Marine Combat Photographer Eugene Jones, an incurable romanticist. He carefully arranged certain essentials to happiness, then put them together in an attempt to make a dream come true for at least one Marine — PFC Buck Buchanan. The props were a pass, a jeep and a girl, lovely Mona Monary of Maui. The scene is Maui, second largest of the Islands, and retreat of the Fourth Marine Division.



Buck makes merry with a crab, and Mona, who has lovely eyes, isn't sure he's just teasing



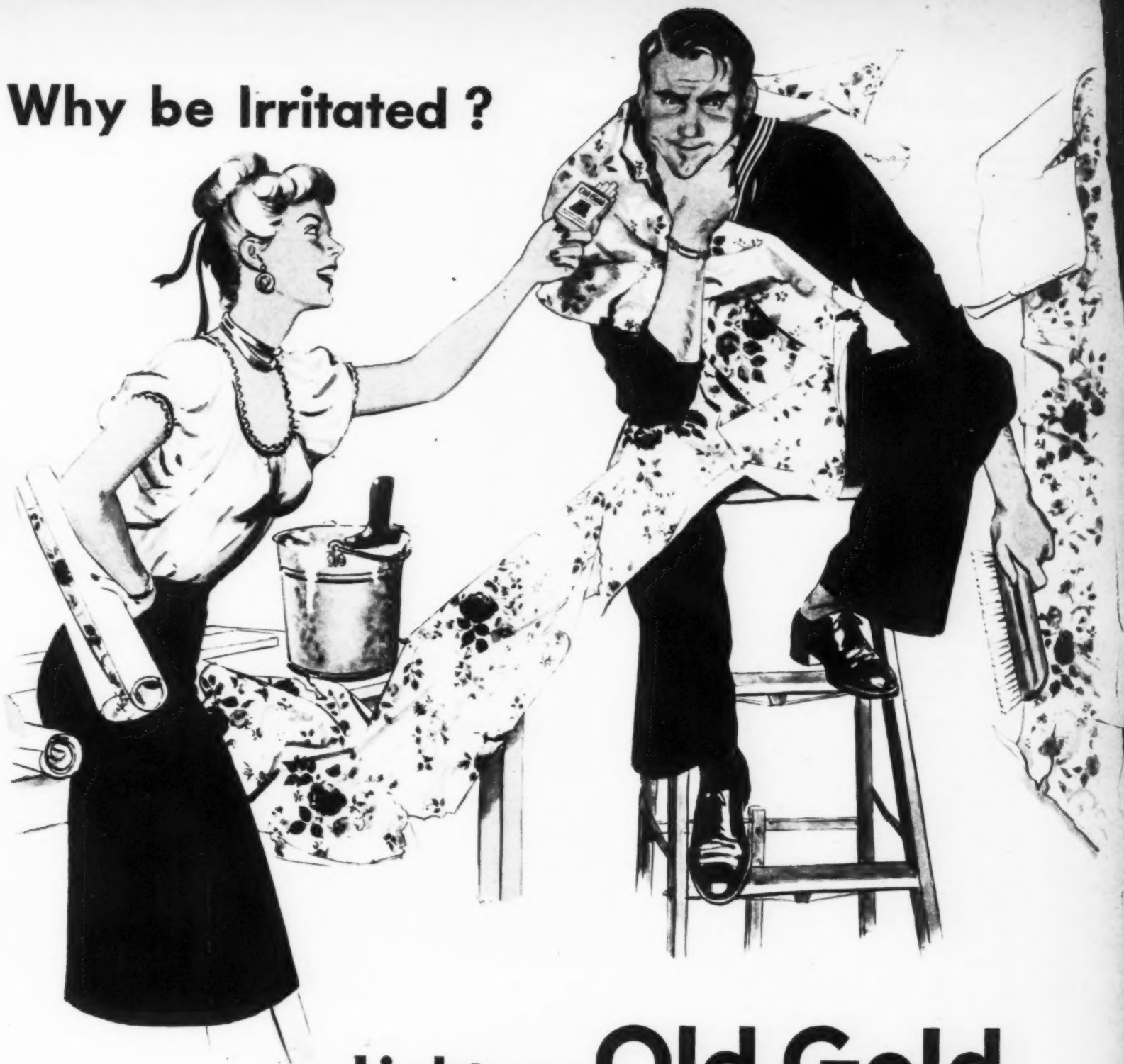
By jeep they visit a valley in the clouds, one of many for which "Valley Island" is famed



And here we say Aloha to Mona and Buck, who, arm in arm underneath a swaying palm, watch a sky turning from scarlet to purple to blue. Ah life! Ah romance! Ah the islands — as they never were



# Why be Irritated ?



## Light an Old Gold

**Apple "Honey" helps guard O.Gs.  
from Cigarette Dryness**

Paste this in your memory book—there's extra pleasure in Old Golds! For this delightful blend of choice tobaccos includes a touch of rare Latakia tobacco for extra flavor. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps prevent cigarette dryness*. You'll be glad to know Old Golds.



LISTEN TO

**FRANK SINATRA**

Wednesday Evenings CBS

and



**MEET ME AT PARKY'S**

Sunday Evenings NBC

# Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing, dead and safe, released to the press from 11 October, 1945, through 10 November, 1945.

## SAFE FROM POW

### ALABAMA

BROWNING, James S., PFC  
SMITH, Dempsey, Pvt.  
STOWERS, Henry B., Sup. Sgt.  
TANNER, James H., PFC  
TURK, William H., PFC

### ARIZONA

ANDREWS, Thomas J., Jr., Corp.  
GRUBB, Glenn E., PFC  
PARKS, Laurence A., PFC  
SHELTON, Clifford E., PFC  
SHORT, Ernest E., SSgt.

### ARKANSAS

ADAMS, William L., Corp.  
BEARDEN, Ivan C., PFC  
BENNETT, Raymond O., Corp.  
BOOKER, Henry H., Corp.  
CARTER, Arthur F., PFC  
CLEMENT, Robert A., Pl. Sgt.  
FELDS, Marshall E., PFC  
HUGHES, A. R. Jr., SSgt.  
MATHIS, Charles L., PFC  
RAY, Sanford K., Pvt.  
ST. JOHN, Walter, PFC  
TALLANT, William T., PFC  
WEEMS, Charles M., PFC  
WILLIAMS, Henry, Jr., Pvt.

### CALIFORNIA

ADAMS, Leon C., PFC  
ALLEN, Stanley G., Ack.  
BARNES, Earl H., Corp.  
BEAUREGARD, Linwood L., PFC  
BECK, William D., Pl. Sgt.  
BENNETT, Arthur K., PFC  
BORK, Clarence L., TSgt.  
BRODERICK, Albert R., Sgt.  
BROWN, James R., Corp.  
BUNDY, John A., PFC  
BUSSELL, Norman E., Fld. Ch.  
CARR, Gerald J., SSgt.  
CARSON, George R., Jr., Corp.  
COFFELT, Clarence E., PFC  
COLBY, Harold G., Pvt.  
COLE, James H., PFC  
COOPER, Robert E., Corp.  
COUCH, Elbert T., PFC  
COVERT, Philip G., Pvt.  
CRAFTS, Glen F., Corp.  
DAMON, Walter L., SSgt.  
DILLMAN, Frank H., Corp.  
DOBSON, Earl C., Fld. Ch.  
DREASHER, Charles E., Corp.  
DUNLAVY, Harry C., Sgt.  
ECCLES, Raymond E. W., SSgt.  
ECKSTEIN, Charles L., Corp.  
ELVESTAD, Henry A., SSgt.  
ERWIN, William T., PFC  
EVANS, Glenn G., PFC  
FAULKNER, James O., PFC  
FISH, Jack E., PFC  
FURST, Morris V., Sgt.  
GUZMAN, Louis, PFC  
GRIFFIN, Earl D., Jr., PFC  
HARMAN, LeRoy, TSgt.  
HARVEY, Thomas E., PFC  
HERRON, Carl R., Corp.  
HICKS, Albert, Jr., PFC  
HOWE, Edward H., PFC  
JOHNSON, Ralph E., SSgt.  
JOHNSTON, Lillard L., Jr., Corp.  
JONES, Leon G., Sgt.  
KENNEDY, Walter T., SSgt.  
KIEPONIS, Vincent, QMSgt.  
KIRK, John T., PFC  
LINDSEY, George G., Corp.  
MCCLARY, Carl R., PFC  
MCUSKER, Chester F., PFC  
MCUGH, Frederick G., Corp.  
MCQUILLING, Robert E., Corp.  
METTSCHER, Leonard G., PFC  
MIKKELSON, Melvin W., FMCorp.  
MILLER, Orin R., Chk.  
MONOOGAN, Weston H., PFC  
MORAN, James P., PFC  
PATTERSON, Billy L., Sgt.  
PATTERSON, Charles E., FMCorp.  
PAUL, Archie T., PFC  
PETERSON, Harold A., PFC  
PIPPI, Louis, PFC  
PITZEL, Daniel J., Sgt.  
RADIN, Irvin S., PFC  
RAUHOF, Jackson P., Drum Maj.  
RICHEY, Lewis H., Sgt.  
ROMAN, Oldrich B., PFC  
RUSH, Dave J., Pl. Sgt.  
SANDERS, Clifton C., PFC  
SEALLY, Armon J., Gy. Sgt.  
SHUGARD, Eugene W., Pl. Sgt.  
SIEGER, Norman P., Corp.  
SIMO, Marino J., PFC  
SMITH, Raymond E., SSgt.  
SPELLMAN, Edward J., Jr., Pvt.  
STOCKTON, Frank D., PFC  
STONE, George B., Jr., Sgt.  
STONE, Joe M., Pl. Sgt.  
SWITZER, Raymond C., PFC

TERRY, Arthur F., Corp.  
TODD, Herman A., PFC  
TREGO, Carroll E., Corp.  
TUCK, Erville R., Pvt.  
VERGA, Vincent H., PFC  
WALKER, Joseph L., Jr., PFC  
WEBSTER, Guy F., PFC  
WELSH, Thomas P., PFC  
WOODWARD, Theodore H., PFC  
WYNNE, Marion L., PFC  
YORK, Lewis M., Corp.

### COLORADO

CALVIN, Andrew R., PFC  
DAVIS, Earl M., Corp.  
EATON, Edward P., PFC  
GRUENBERG, Arthur H., PFC  
HOOVER, Harold H., PFC  
JENSEN, Francis E., PFC  
MIDDLETON, Elmer A., PFC  
REED, Clifford M., PFC  
RUSSELL, William G., Corp.  
SCOTT, Donald J., Corp.  
SNIVELY, David T., Pvt.  
STEINBRECHER, W. F. Jr., PFC

### CONNECTICUT

KOWALL, William J., Jr., Sgt.  
PEARCE, Herbert N., Corp.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

KAHL, William A., Sgt.

### FLORIDA

CARLSON, August W., WO  
JUNE, Randolph M., TSgt.  
MOTT, Charles T., PFC  
PIERCE, Charles D., Jr., TSgt.

### GEORGIA

FOUCHE, Chandler E., Corp.

### IDAHO

BROWN, Gene E., Corp.  
COVEY, Donald L., Corp.  
MERCER, Kenneth O., TSgt.  
OSTERMILLER, Leo G., PFC

### ILLINOIS

BAZEWICK, Casey T., Sgt.  
BENHISON, Elroy L., PFC  
BILA, Ralph E., Corp.  
BORCHERS, Orville N., PFC  
BOYDEN, William H., Jr., PFC  
CHUDZIK, Joseph T., Pvt.  
CIARRACHI, Victor F., Sgt.  
COLLINS, Raymond H., Corp.  
CONNER, Warren D., PFC  
DEEDE, Truman J., PFC  
DITWIG, Wilbur E., PFC  
FICK, James J., PFC  
FORD, James D., Jr., PFC  
GORDON, John P., PFC  
GREENMAN, George E., PFC  
HALE, Ralph H., Corp.  
HETTIGAR, Earl W., Corp.  
HICKS, William D., PFC  
HIRSCHKAMP, George, Corp.  
JASPITS, John, Corp.  
JOHANNSEN, Fred, PFC  
KEY, Paul E., Pvt.  
KOPACZ, Joseph J., Corp.  
KOZLOWSKI, Leonard S., PFC  
LAW, Phinas A., Ack.  
LEE, Robert E., Corp.  
LEHNER, James J., PFC  
LEPORE, Anthony, Pvt.  
LORENZ, Henry D., PFC  
MENSCHING, Wilfred H., Corp.  
MOORE, Howard C., Corp.  
O'CONNELL, John J., Pvt.  
OELBERG, Christian, Jr., Corp.  
O'SHEA, John J., Pl. Sgt.  
OWEN, Lester C., PFC  
PAINTER, John S., Corp.  
PELLEGRINI, Alfred F., PFC  
ROBERTSON, Virgil, PFC  
RUCKER, John D., PFC  
SALYER, Joseph L., PFC  
SCHROEDER, Robert A., PFC  
SCHULZE, Carl H., Sgt.  
SEDENBERG, Leslie, PFC  
SMITH, Noble F., Corp.  
TERFANSKY, Joseph E., PFC  
WARSHAFSKY, Jack, Sgt.  
ZARLENGA, Joseph D., PFC

### INDIANA

CIBOCH, George B., PFC  
DAVIS, Jack E., PFC  
DINAPAS, Joseph P., Ack.  
MEFFORD, Claude A., PFC  
MUNIZ, Angel, Jr., Corp.  
NEWMAN, Junior H., PFC  
RECK, Norman M., PFC

### IOWA

BARNETT, Carroll D., PFC  
BESE, Fred A., PFC  
BEST, John A., PFC  
BROWN, Kenneth L., PFC  
CAIN, Orville J., Sgt.  
CANNELL, John D., Corp.  
COOLEY, Delmar E., PFC  
EMERICK, Billie E., PFC  
PLEENER, Gene A., PFC  
GEORGE, Joseph E., Jr., Corp.  
HERRON, Merle L., Pvt.  
ROBISON, Milo W., Corp.  
SYDOW, Alan A., Sgt.  
TOMLINSON, Darrell E., PFC  
TOMPKINS, Raymond M., PFC

### KANSAS

ABRAHAM, Franklin E., FMic  
ADAMS, Raymond C., PFC  
BALES, Ernest J., PFC  
BENNETT, Lester C., Corp.  
BRAWDY, Ira M., FMic  
DANIELSON, Dewey C., FMic  
JARRETT, Elmer P., SSgt.  
MARTIN, Virgil E., PFC  
McAMIS, Terrence T., Corp.  
PETERS, Donald A., PFC  
ROBINSON, George L., PFC  
RYAN, Eugene R., PFC  
STAFFORD, Virgil D., PFC  
STEGMAIER, Carl E. Jr., PFC  
THAIRE, Grover E., PFC  
WARREN, Howard E., Pl. Sgt.

### KENTUCKY

CALLIS, James A., Sup. Sgt.  
ROBERTSON, James L., Corp.

### LOUISIANA

ANDERSON, Allison L., PFC  
COHEN, Sam L., Jr., PFC  
DOMINGUE, Alton J., Corp.  
GOULD, Earl V., Pvt.  
GREGOIRE, Sylvester, PFC  
HALEY, Philip R., PFC  
HEBERT, Philton J., Corp.  
HEBERT, Thomas, Corp.  
HUTCHINSON, Hardy J., PFC  
JONES, Joel, Corp.  
LYLES, John H., Sgt.  
MADERE, Joseph A., PFC  
MANCAUX, Sylvester P., PFC  
MAY, Robert C., PFC  
McWIGGINS, James C., Corp.  
MORGAN, R. C., PFC  
NIXON, James D., PFC  
OUBRE, Tony T., PFC  
SILK, Allen L., Sgt.  
STAHL, Rudolph W., Jr., PFC  
TATE, Willis, PFC  
TOUCHET, Wilson, PFC  
WILLIAMS, Luther, PFC

### MARYLAND

BOYER, Franklin, Corp.

### MASSACHUSETTS

BASTIEN, James S., Pvt.  
CARON, Henry L., PFC  
FOSTER, Abner E., MTSgt.  
GRESH, Martin A., Corp.  
HOOKER, Francis C., Corp.  
JORDAN, Julian, Sgt.  
MOORE, John P., PFC  
NORCROSS, Roger M., Corp.  
PORTER, Chester A., Corp.  
RAY, John F., Fld. Ch.  
STANKATIS, Anthony, Corp.

### MICHIGAN

ADA'S, Richard P., Pvt.  
ANDREWS, Leland M., Pl. Sgt.  
BENNIE, Woodrow W., Corp.  
BLACK, Joseph W., Sgt.  
DONOHUE, Joseph F., Sgt.  
FERGUSON, Robert A., Corp.  
LEE, Robert H., PFC  
MOLENDIA, Steve A., PFC  
NEVENZEL, Jay, Corp.  
OSS, Michael A., Pl. Sgt.  
PETRICK, Edward N., Corp.  
POMNITZKY, John E., PFC  
RICE, Kenneth V., Corp.  
RIETZLER, Junior H., Pvt.  
SCHUMACHER, William T., PFC  
SPOONER, David R., PFC  
STOCKWELL, Byron D., Jr., PFC

### MINNESOTA

ANDERSON, Ralph W., PFC  
ANDERSON, Victor S., Corp.  
BECKER, Robert C., PFC  
BUCHHE, George M., Corp.  
FISH, Cyrus D., Corp.  
FREIBERGER, Walter E., PFC  
GARROW, Everett C., Chk.  
HAUGEN, Henry, Sgt.  
HENDRICKSON, Russell W., PFC  
JOHNSON, George L., PFC  
KARPEN, Edward T. A., Corp.  
KLINGBEIL, Herbert G., Pvt.  
NORDINE, Karl L., PFC  
ODDEN, William M., PFC  
SVYDER, Charles F., PFC  
STIMAC, Joe E., PFC  
VAN BLAIR, Bernard C., Corp.

### MISSISSIPPI

AUSTIN, Rufus B., Pvt.  
BURKETT, Claude L., Pl. Sgt.  
COMFORT, Floyd H., PFC  
GLAZE, James E., PFC  
GRANT, Everard M., PFC  
HAGGARD, Fred D., PFC  
HALFORD, William T., PFC  
JOHNSON, Selon L., PFC  
JONES, Artis W., PFC  
LEGGETT, Marion K., Fld. Ch.  
LEWIS, Clifton H., PFC  
MALONE, Thomas J., Jr., PFC  
MITCHELL, James P., Pvt.  
MOSLEY, Harvey L., PFC  
NETTLES, Howard, PFC  
SHEDD, Homer L., Pvt.  
SMITH, Gordon L., Pvt.

STEWART, Glenn E., PFC  
THOMPSON, Thomas R., Corp.  
THORNTON, George B., PFC  
VAUGHN, James, PFC

### MISSOURI

BARTHEL, James P., PFC  
BEESON, Darrell M., PFC  
BOGLER, Leo J., Sgt.  
BROWN, Buell S., PFC  
BUSSE, Wilbur J., PFC  
CRAIG, Jennings B., PFC  
CURRY, Robert E., PFC  
DAVIS, Eschol E., Corp.  
FITZPATRICK, James A., PFC  
GARDNER, Douglas D., PFC  
HIBBS, Richard G., PFC  
HOOD, Virgil B., Jr., Corp.  
HOOVER, Frank W., PFC  
HYDER, Luther E., Chk.  
KEITZER, Harold A., PFC  
LEPPERT, Roy W., PFC  
McCARTHY, Roy B., PFC  
McKENZIE, James J., PFC  
MILBOURN, Ival D., Ack.  
PAGE, Robert E. L., Corp.  
SAWYER, Alvin E., Corp.  
SCOTT, Irvin C., Jr., PFC  
SHUMARD, Gene D., PFC  
SICKLES, Percy H., PFC  
STRICKLAND, Eldon K., Corp.  
WATTS, Willard W., PFC  
WILKENING, Clifford, Corp.

### MONTANA

BISHOP, John J., PFC  
DAWSON, Jasper F., Corp.  
ROGERS, Charles G., PFC

### NEBRASKA

BAMFORD, Roger D., Pvt.  
DANEHEV, Donald E., PFC  
DAVIS, Kenneth W., PFC  
JOHNSON, Phillip W., PFC  
LAURSEN, Norman J., Corp.  
McCAULLEY, Wade B., Pvt.  
MINNICK, Ray J., PFC  
NYE, Marvin D., PFC  
SILLMAN, Otto A., Corp.  
TAYLOR, Ralph A., Corp.  
WOODS, Chester J., Corp.

### NEW JERSEY

BALZER, Julian H., Sgt.  
BROWN, Robert M., Corp.  
CHAMBERS, Philip S., PFC  
NEWHOUSE, Gerald A., 1st Sgt.  
KEPTONE, Vito, Corp.  
SMITH, Edward D., Sgt.  
SMITH, Robert A., Sgt.

### NEW MEXICO

GONZALES, Joseph V., Sgt.  
LILLARD, George E., Pvt.  
SHELLHORN, Melvin W., Sgt.

### NEW YORK

DIETZ, Cecil M., Sgt. Maj.  
DIMENTO, Frank, Pvt.  
HABERMAN, Robert R., PFC  
KING, Irvin R., Jr., Sgt.  
LADY, Dennis G., Corp.  
McANALLY, Winford J., Corp.  
PEKARICH, Joseph S., Sgt.  
RIND, Alfred T., Jr., TSgt.  
WOLF, Herman, Sgt.

### NORTH CAROLINA

KETNER, Bernard O., Pl. Sgt.

### NORTH DAKOTA

HASSIG, Edwin F., TSgt.  
MYERS, Keith T., PFC  
SAEFKE, Frederick E., Jr., PFC  
SWARTZ, Merle E., PFC

### OHIO

BARRETT, Russell E., Ack.  
BEEMAN, Gerald L., Corp.  
DAVENPORT, Jr., James M., Corp.  
DAVIES, Robert T., Jr., Sgt.  
ELLIS, Clifford L., Gy. Sgt.  
ESTEP, Norman R., PFC  
FOUST, Carl W., PFC  
HARDWAY, James E., Corp.  
McGEE, Robert H., PFC  
O'DONNELL, John J., Jr., Pvt.  
PARR, Charles W., Corp.  
PECHACEK, Thomas J., Corp.  
SALAY, Steve A., PFC  
SCHICK, Michael J., Sup. Sgt.  
SMITH, Robert N., PFC  
WHITE, John A., Capt.

### OKLAHOMA

ABERNATHY, Carl W., Jr., PFC  
BAKER, Elvie E., Corp.  
BIGGS, Chester M., Jr., PFC  
BRYAN, Pershing B., Ack.  
COOK, Jesse B., Sgt.  
COUCH, Claude C., PFC  
DICKOVER, Floyd A., Sgt.  
GWARTNEY, James C., PFC  
HANSON, Clarence J., Jr., PFC  
HARRISON, Charles L., PFC  
MANNEY, William L., PFC  
McDANIEL, George W., PFC  
NORMAN, Robert B., PFC  
RASOR, Herman L., PFC  
REEVES, Joe M., Pvt.  
SHORES, Robert, PFC

SMITH, John C., Pvt.  
STEPHENS, Shedric W., Jr., PFC  
STRINGFIELD, George W., PFC  
VARDELL, Virgil P., Ack.  
WARDLOW, Pierce L., Corp.

### OREGON

BASS, George L., Corp.  
CAMPBELL, Andy N., Corp.  
CLOUSE, John J., Corp.  
CROWE, Veral H., SSgt.  
CRUMPACKER, Lloyd E., PFC  
DOUTHIT, Harry F., Corp.  
DRAKE, Elmer S., Jr., Corp.  
ESHELMAN, Donald B., Corp.  
HALL, James W., Sgt.  
HYZER, Morris F., PFC  
KINDEL, Julius H., PFC  
KING, James O., Corp.  
McFARLANE, Jack D., PFC  
MILLER, Robert L., PFC  
RAYMOND, Robert L., Corp.  
RICHTER, Eugene V., PFC  
SCHLATTER, Wilfred A., Sgt.  
SORRELL, Jesse D., Corp.

### PENNSYLVANIA

CHARLTON, Monford P., Corp.  
HORVATH, Charles S., Corp.  
KRAWIE, John W., MGSgt.  
LITZ, Eugene H., PFC  
MacDONALD, Edward L., Sgt.  
MAKAROVICH, John, Corp.  
REHM, Orville E., QMSgt.  
TAYLOR, Rudolph J., PFC  
WALLACE, Verne L., PFC  
WILMER, James H., Corp.

### RHODE ISLAND

DUNSMOOR, Earl W., WO  
McRAE, George, PFC

### SOUTH CAROLINA

HUFFMAN, Forest, Pl. Sgt.

### SOUTH DAKOTA

GLODERY, Alvin G., PFC  
YELLOWHAIR, Steve, Pvt.

### TENNESSEE

DeLANEY, William B., Corp.  
HOLLAND, Thomas G., PFC  
LEE, Charles R., PFC  
MARKHAM, Roy H., PFC  
SOMMER, James M., Corp.

### TEXAS

ALLEN, Billy W., Corp.  
ARNEY, Billy J., PFC  
BIDDY, Floyd A., PFC  
BOSHER, Raymond R., Corp.  
BUKOWSKY, Emil G., Pvt.  
CALVIN, Taylor P., Corp.  
CLEBASKI, Leon A., PFC  
COLEY, Robert L., SSgt.  
COLVIN, Joe L., PFC  
CONDRA, Charley H., Chk.  
DEEDS, Robert L., Corp.  
DICKSON, Truman M., PFC  
DORMAN, Roger, Pvt.  
DOWNING, Carl E., Corp.  
DURBIN, Lloyd T., PFC  
FRASIER, James H., Jr., PFC  
GETWOOD, Martin A., PFC  
GEORGE, John F., PFC  
GRANT, Ginner, PFC  
GREEN, Cecil, PFC  
HAMBY, Thornton E., PFC  
HARBISON, Leonard S., Corp.  
HARRELL, Claude H., Sgt.  
HEARN, Jack D., PFC  
McFARLAND, George W., Corp.  
MELTON, Kenneth L., PFC  
MILLER, Herahel L., Corp.  
MILLIGAN, Howard L., Corp.  
MORGAN, Jack B., PFC  
PERMENTER, Calvin L., PFC  
ROOK, Edward B., Sgt.  
SAPP, Charles W., Pvt.  
SUBLETT, Henry W., PFC  
THOMPSON, Clarence A., Corp.  
VARDEMAN, William H., PFC  
WADE, O. T., Sgt.  
WALDRUM, Everett R., Corp.  
WALLER, Murray A., Corp.  
WATSON, Richard J., PFC  
WILSON, James C., Corp.

### UTAH

BARGER, Lester L., PFC  
CHEW, Hoyle E., PFC  
DANA, Max J., PFC  
FRANDSEN, Andrew J., PFC  
HAMEL, Fred M., Pvt.  
STOCKS, Artie J., PFC

### VERMONT

REILLY, Walter J., Sgt.

### VIRGINIA

COE, John O., 1st Sgt.  
FARMER, Randolph F., Pl. Sgt.  
VAIDEN, William S., Pl. Sgt.  
WILLIAMS, Robert L., WO

### WASHINGTON

BENNETT, Keith L., Corp.  
CROCKER, Harry D., PFC  
CURTIS, Louis N., PFC  
DIEMERT, William A., PFC  
ELKINS, Jack O., PFC



GRAGG, Raymon, Sgt.  
HANNAH, Clyde W., Sgt.  
HANSON, Knute C., PFC  
HEFLING, William W., PFC  
JOHNSON, Milton O., Sgt.  
KELLY, Bernard F., Corp.  
MARTIN, Gerald J., PFC  
McFALL, William E., PFC  
MORGAN, Albert J., Pl. Sgt.  
MORITZ, LeRoy G., PFC  
RAYMOND, Samuel W., Corp.  
WEAVER, Roy M., Corp.

WEST VIRGINIA  
BRAGG, Lorel J., Pvt.

WISCONSIN  
BARTELME, Herbert E., PFC  
ELDAL, Oscar M., PFC  
GOODE, William B., PFC  
HEILIGER, Howard B., PFC  
HOFFMAN, Harold A., Corp.  
JAKUBZAK, Chester M., PFC  
KELNHOFER, Guy J. Jr., Corp.  
LUMAYE, Donald R., PFC  
McCALLA, Marvin P., PFC  
ORR, Herbert J., PFC  
PLOG, Francis L., PFC  
RETZKE, Harold I., Corp.  
RICHARDS, David G., PFC  
RICHARDSON, Bernard E., Corp.  
STEFANSKI, Edward, PFC  
STUMPGES, Frederick J., FM Corp.  
ZELLAY, George P., PFC  
ZIVKO, Stephen M., PFC

WYOMING  
CHRISTENSEN, Alfred B., PFC  
McDOWELL, Jack W., Sgt.  
MURPHY, Robert B., PFC  
SOHN, Rosser E., FM Sgt.  
STEWART, Jesse L., TSgt.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS  
JORDAN, James J., Sgt. Maj.

#### SAFE FROM MISSING

ARKANSAS  
BATTLES, Lawrence F., Corp.  
JENKINS, J. T., Pl. Sgt.  
SIMS, Harry L., PFC

CALIFORNIA  
JACKSON, Charles R., Sgt. Maj.  
MEYERS, Delmer V., FMIC  
WILSON, Charles F., PFC

ILLINOIS  
HUGHES, James L., PFC  
VAUGHAN, Joseph M., PFC  
WUERST, Edwin A., PFC

INDIANA  
PATTERSON, Ray W., Corp.

KANSAS  
BUSH, John R., Pvt.

MARYLAND  
LONG, Elmer E. Jr., Corp.

MASSACHUSETTS  
TUSCHER, Joseph W., PFC

MICHIGAN  
McARDLE, Robert F., Sgt.

MONTANA  
JEFFRIES, George T., Fid. Ck.

NEBRASKA  
VERSAW, Donald L., Corp.

NEW YORK  
KATCHUCK, Alexander, PFC  
WHALEN, Aloysius F., Corp.

OHIO  
LEMON, Albert S., QMSgt.  
TRUMMER, Harold, Sgt.

OREGON  
RIDDLE, Merrill B., Corp.

TEXAS  
BELCH, Thomas E., TSgt.  
DEAN, Benjamin J. Jr., PFC  
JOHNSTON, Lucius J. Jr., Pvt.  
McFARLAND, Thomas J., Pvt.  
PETTIT, William R., PFC

#### SAFE FROM DEAD

CALIFORNIA  
GORDON, William, Sgt.

MISSOURI  
MANNING, Bernard H., Sgt.

#### DEAD

CALIFORNIA  
GARCIA, George C. Sr., Pvt.

FLORIDA  
BARNES, William R. Jr., 2nd Lt.  
MAINES, William H., 1st Lt.

MICHIGAN  
WHITE, Robert A., 2nd Lt.

TENNESSEE  
McWHORTER, Joseph I., Corp.

#### MISSING

CALIFORNIA  
MARTYN, Donald J., PFC  
MATTISON, Clyde T., Lt. Col.

LOUISIANA  
BAUDOIN, Henry E., PFC

MARYLAND  
STEIDEL, Leonard R. Jr., 2nd Lt.

MISSOURI  
PARKIN, Earl J., 2nd Lt.  
WILLIAMS, Maurice S. Jr., Sgt.

NEW JERSEY  
AHERN, John T., TSgt.

NORTH DAKOTA  
ERB, Harold H., SSgt.

#### DEAD FROM MISSING

ALABAMA  
GASKIN, Earl H., Corp.

CALIFORNIA  
HANCOCK, Thomas A., PFC  
HOLLAND, John F. Jr., PFC  
LEES, Henry W., PFC  
LOVE, Edward L., Sgt.  
MESSENGER, Leonard J., PFC  
MOXHAM, Raymond F., PFC  
WHITE, Leo, Sgt.

COLORADO  
BROWN, Orlo N., PFC

CONNECTICUT  
CASE, George B., MGySgt.

FLORIDA  
DOMINGUEZ, Joe M., Ack.

IDAHO  
GEORGE, Earl J., PFC

ILLINOIS  
BRINKER, David A., PFC  
SWANSON, Edwin C., Corp.  
WYCH, Robert A., PFC

INDIANA  
KENWORTHY, Glenn W., Corp.  
MERKEL, Alvin J., PFC

IOWA  
HUBBARD, Leland R., PFC  
LUNDGREN, Victor C. Jr., PFC  
THOMSEN, Arthur A., PFC

KENTUCKY  
BRUMBACK, Leonard I., Pl. Sgt.  
STRAUGHN, Howard V. Jr., Corp.

MARYLAND  
BAUM, Benjamin G., Corp.  
REDD, Robert F., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS  
WOJAS, Julian J., Corp.

MINNESOTA  
LEITNER, Otto J., PFC

MISSISSIPPI  
RIGNEY, Elbert L., PFC

MISSOURI  
DUPECK, Albert Jr., PFC

MONTANA  
MURPHY, Charles T., PFC

NEVADA  
HUSTON, James T. Jr., PFC

NEW YORK  
ARMSTRONG, Alfred H., SSgt.  
KIRCHNER, John H., Pvt.

OHIO  
CROMLING, Chas. J. Jr., Pl. Sgt.

PENNSYLVANIA  
HUBBARD, Gordon R., Ack.  
LYDIC, Wilson, PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA  
USSERY, Frank, Pl. Sgt.

SOUTH DAKOTA  
MARTILA, Howard W., Pvt.

TEXAS  
MUNSON, Bryan C., PFC  
NEAL, William F., PFC  
POOL, Grover W., Pvt.

VIRGINIA  
SCHLENZ, Charles W., 1st Lt.

WASHINGTON  
DAVIS, William H., PFC  
TRACY, Richard I. Jr., Sgt.

WISCONSIN  
LARSEN, Harlan D., PFC

#### DEAD FROM POW

ALABAMA  
HEATON, Jesse C., Sgt.

ARIZONA  
EDWARDS, Joseph M., PFC

CALIFORNIA  
DeHAAN, Harmen, TSgt.  
KUHLMAN, Edward W., Corp.  
McMURRAY, Cloyd C., Sgt.  
MILET, John D., Sgt.  
PIGGOTT, Harold H., Corp.  
PRATT, Robert M., PFC  
ROBERTS, James E., Pvt.  
SCHAEFFER, Max W., Major  
TICKSMAN, Paul F., PFC

WESTMORELAND, Jack L., Chk  
WHARTON, Herbert R., Corp.  
WOLF, Edward G., Pvt.

DELAWARE  
WILLIAMS, Francis H., Major

IDAHO  
SEEWER, Glen R., PFC

ILLINOIS  
JANSEN, Robert O., PFC  
MIKUCKI, Walter F., PFC  
ROTTER, Edwin J., Fid. Ck.  
SONTAG, Louis E., PFC

INDIANA  
BROWN, Wilbur D., Corp.

IOWA  
ATTEY, James J. Jr., Corp.  
CARR, Edward W., PFC  
O'CONNOR, James T., Corp.

KANSAS  
KELLER, Joseph J. Jr., PFC

KENTUCKY  
KNIGHTEN, Jess W., Sup. Sgt.

LOUISIANA  
REDMOND, Russell J., PFC

MASSACHUSETTS  
COHEN, Mitchell, Sgt.

MINNESOTA  
HAGEMO, Olaf W., Sgt.

MISSISSIPPI  
BYRD, Malcolm L., PFC  
FERRISS, James F., PFC

MISSOURI  
McGEE, Thomas L., PFC

NEBRASKA  
LARSON, Leonard E., Sgt.

NORTH DAKOTA  
VAN ALST, Willard F., Corp.

OKLAHOMA  
FLEMING, Manton L., Pvt.  
HILL, Ollie H., Sgt.  
KOHLMAN, Eugene M., Corp.

TENNESSEE  
WALSH, Justin C., Corp.

TEXAS  
CULP, Joseph C., PFC  
CRAWFORD, Boyd W., PFC  
HURTA, Oscar M., PFC  
NEUSE, Max H., PFC  
RODRIGUEZ, Fernando C., PFC

WASHINGTON  
BENDER, Jack V., Corp.

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin from 7 December, 1941, through 10 November, 1945, to 76,082, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead . . . . . 19,845  
Wounded . . . . . 55,436  
Missing . . . . . 755  
Prisoners of War . . . . . 46  
Total . . . . . 76,082



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# WE THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Bill Farrell

## Beachhead

If the war had still been on when the Second Marine Regiment landed in Japan, it is unlikely that they would have met much resistance at their particular beachhead.

The regiment went ashore in a Japanese coastal city where few structures remained. The houses were not very level—they just weren't there. Railroads, ammunition dumps, and factories had been wiped out completely.

The veterans of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa ignored the destruction and started to work. A command post was set up in one of the few buildings which still stood. Patrols were sent out; Marine interpreters gathered information from the handful of inhabitants; working parties were organized to carry rations and water to a supply dump at the C.P.

The Marines marched four miles through the stricken city, down winding roads. They were impressed by the destruction of the once-great industrial city—Yokosaka.

## Three Sen Stamp

If Sergeant Frank R. Quinn of San Francisco never hears the word "stamps" again, he will feel much better, thank you.

At present Sgt. Quinn and his postal clerk assistants at the 13th Regiment post office in Sasebo, Japan, use five different tables for converting Jap "yen" and "sen" into American money—or vice versa. In addition, they rely on multiple samples of Japanese currency to help spot possible counterfeits.

All this, and bedlam too, just to sell a few cents' worth of stamps.

"For instance," explained Quinn, "a \$1 money order ordinarily would cost \$1.06. Converted to Japanese money it is 15 yen and 90 sen. And not only that, when somebody wants an odd-number money order, conversion tables become useless and complicated arithmetic comes to the fore.

"I have been thinking of putting in a requisition for an adding machine. But how can you expect an adding machine to think of yens and sens and air mail stamps?"

## America's Friend

Marine occupation forces, taking control of the Kurihama naval base in Japan, found the ruins of a monument marking the first landing of United States Marines on Honshu with Commodore Perry 92 years ago.

All that remained of the monument was its stone base and a large stone slab, which the people had knocked down. All metal parts had been taken away, and the Japanese said they were made into materials for the war.

The monument was erected in 1901 by "America's Friend Association of Japan." The wording on the slab reads: "This monument commemorates the first arrival of Commodore Perry, Ambassador from the United States of America, who landed at this place July 14, 1853. Erected July 14, 1901—America's Friend Association."

## Soul Extractors

Marine Corps photographers, accustomed to having crowds of Leathernecks swarming after them shouting, "Take my picture," have at last found the land for which they were looking—China.

In China, the older Chinese do not follow photog-



PFC James J. Maggio had been away a year from his Brooklyn home when, returning on the battleship New York, he received this joyous greeting from his 3-year-old daughter, Janet

raphers around. They have, in fact, been known to shy away from having their pictures taken. The old Chinese, being more superstitious than the young people, claim that a photograph magically removes the soul of the person who is photographed. Not wishing to lose their souls, they remain camera-shy.

To get these oldsters to pose, the photographer must coax. He has a good chance of getting his picture if there is an American cigaret involved in the deal.

## Waltz Time

Marines of the Third Amphibious Corps were puzzled by the inconsistent running of their watches. But they didn't gripe too much.

The change from the hot and humid atmosphere of Guam to the cool and dry climate of Tientsin, China, seemed to be the explanation for the erratic action of the timepieces, which ran fast and slow by turns. No two were synchronized, and though a well-known corporal of the guard noticed that some of the men's watches were usually slow at reveille and fast at quitting-time, he could only grit his teeth and say:

"What can you do? Nobody knows what time it is!"

## Fancy Meeting You

A pretty, blonde WAVE stood on the dock at Pearl Harbor. There were tears in her eyes, but she was

smiling. Her own personal war aim was about to be realized.

The WAVE was Storekeeper First Class Helen Sofranoff, of Gary, Ind., whose brother, PFC Mike Sofranoff, was arriving in Pearl on the USS Ozark after being a prisoner of the Japs for nearly four years.

Helen asked another ex-prisoner if he knew Mike. When he assured her that he did, she asked him to direct her to her brother.

The fellow went up to Mike and said, "Mike, here is your sister."

"But it can't be," Mike exclaimed. "My sister is at home. And besides this is a WAVE."

He looked at her again and suddenly recognized her. They're twins.

## The Imposter

The dinner was delicious, the company charming. The Marine sergeant felt that deep satisfaction that comes of a good meal well served—not to mention the cigars and Scotch whiskey pressed upon him by his gracious Australian hosts.

The sergeant had another reason for feeling good. He sensed that the Australians, officers of the ship on which he was guest, imagined him to be a Marine officer. This came, he reflected, partly from the fact that he never wore the chevrons of his true rank. Also, there was his natural dignity. The Australians' error was natural. Suddenly the sergeant remembered the



PFC who had come with him, and must now be waiting, wet and cold and hungry, outside. The sergeant had forgotten his PFC companion when the officers invited him to dinner.

Arising from the table, the sergeant opened his mouth to make the graceful thank-you speech he felt a real officer would have made, in this position. The Australians would expect it.

He had not uttered a word, when the terrible voice of the hungry PFC sounded from the cabin's open doorway:

"Hey, Sergeant, when the hell do I eat?"

For a dark moment there was silence. Then the sergeant, unmasked, said a quiet "Thank you."

After that, there was nothing for him to do but take off. He did.

## Tientsin Swing

Styles in music change during a war. The Germans carried it to an extreme when they banned all music except that of German composers, or composers from nations favorable to the German cause.

The Japs were a little more conservative, but they, too, changed the style of music in China. The maestro at one of Tientsin's finer night spots told Marine "first nighters" that the Japs had permitted nothing but classical music. The orchestra could not practice American "jive," even in privacy.

When the Marines took over Tientsin, however, the classics gave way to American swing.

Entertainers and native bands at Tientsin's night clubs were overjoyed at the opportunity of showing the visiting Marines some of the city's long suppressed entertainment. And though the swing might have creaked just a little, the jive hungry Marines were not too critical.

## Four Leaf Clover

There weren't any four-leaf clovers in the ashes of Iwo Jima, but PFC Burton H. Gilleo of Bridgeport, Conn., wasn't needing any.

A Jap bullet pierced his helmet, but didn't even graze his head.

Shrapnel riddled his pack, but didn't touch him otherwise.

Rocket bombs landed within 50 feet of him five times, knocking off his helmet. Not a scratch.

Jap soldiers picked up his grenades several times and tossed them back at him, without damage to anything but his pride.

## Who Told Him?

Praiseworthy as the ingenuity of American inventors is, it seems to be just a bit overrated in Northern China.

When a convoy of vehicles from the First Division halted in a Chinese farming village on the Peking-Tientsin road, one village elder looked admiringly at a flight of Corsairs overhead.

"What is the name of the airplane with the gull wings?" the elder asked.

"That is the Marine Corsair," Sergeant John G. McCullough, a Marine Corps correspondent told him.

"I have heard many stories of these gull planes," the elder said. "They are known to have a claw-like apparatus under their wings. They swoop low over Japanese railroad yards, pick up a locomotive or freight car, then fly out to sea to drop their burden."

## Home in Chicago



CAPT. MCCARTHY AND FOLKS

His mother, Mrs. Catherine McCarthy (right), and his sister, Mrs. Helen Honan, had a warm greeting for Marine Captain Joe J. McCarthy on his return from duty in the Pacific areas. A former member of the Chicago Fire Department, Capt. McCarthy received the Bronze Star Honor for extraordinary heroism on

## Trinket Treasure

The December, 1945, issue of *Popular Science Monthly* carried the ten rules of a novel contest, based on the idea that there are quite a few souvenir fanciers among American military people. The magazine is offering \$3300 in prizes for wristwatch straps made from airplane cloth, cigaret lighters fashioned from shell cases, necklaces carved from coral, or other trinkets made by ingenious GIs.

The magazine probably got the contest idea from an article written by Larry McManus, in which he said:

"An indication of the speed with which Japanese planes were converted into souvenirs came from Admiral Halsey, who was on the bridge of his carrier flagship when a Kamikaze pilot joined his ancestors on the flight deck. The admiral remarked plaintively that before he could make his way from the bridge to the wreckage on the deck, half of the enemy plane already was in the process of being drilled, cut or polished into trinkets by souvenir-hungry sailors."

Paintings, drawings, prints, renderings and photographs are excluded from the contest, but other products of men and women in the armed forces and merchant marine, or discharged since December 7, 1941, may be submitted — and there are 57 prizes, ranging downward from the \$1000 first prize. Entries must be postmarked not later than 6 P. M., April 1, 1946, and received by the magazine April 30.

The judges are Frances Langford, singer; Merle D. Miller, former *Yank* editor; Major Walter W. Hitesman, Jr., editor and publisher of this magazine; Brigadier General George F. Doriot, Army Quartermaster Corps; Major Nathaniel Saltonstall, Army Special Services; Mrs. Cass Canfield, American Red Cross, and Rear Admiral H. B. Miller, director of the Navy's Office of Public Information.

## Meet the Fireball

The Navy's first fighter plane to use jet propulsion, the FR-1 (Fireball), never saw combat. But already this new plane, first in the world to combine jet and reciprocating power plants, has secured an important place in aviation.

When the war ended, the FR-1 was beginning to roll off the production line. In tests, the Fireball proved itself to be an exceptionally high performance fighter. It was an answer to the Navy's need for a highly maneuverable, fast-climbing plane. It has the shortest turning radius at comparable speeds of any modern fighter. With both engines operating at full throttle it can climb at a mile-a-minute clip.

The unique power combination, Wright Cyclone radial engine in the front and a General Electric jet propulsion engine in the rear, makes it equally efficient at high or low levels. It also combines the advantage of good cruising characteristics with high tactical performance.

Maximum performance is obtained when the two engines are used in combination, but the Fireball can be operated independently on either the conventional or jet engine.

Firepower on the FR-1 consists of four 50-caliber machine guns. Two 1000 pound bombs may be carried under the wings and detachable rocket mounting posts may be installed under each outer panel.

Steel armor plate and laminated bullet resistant glass in the windshield's front panel protect the pilot. Placement of the cockpit and the high visibility permitted by the canopy give the pilot an unusual range of vision.

Far more powerful than a conventional engine of the same weight, the General Electric-designed I-16 Thermal Jet engine alone will streak the Fireball along at approximately 300 miles an hour. Like all jet engines, its efficiency increases with speed. That is why the Fireball combination of conventional and jet engine is so effective. The conventional engine prevents loss of speed upon which the jet depends for its best performance. The jet engine permits faster dives since the unit accelerates rapidly in a nose-down position.

The Fireball will do all acrobatics with speed to spare and with only the slightest control pressure. The first Navy fighter squadron to be equipped with FR-1s had actually started pre-combat training with the Fireball before the Japanese surrender.

## Waters of Nagasaki

In the waters of Nagasaki's bay there are a number of sleek warships, the representative might of the United States fleet. They lie at anchor, overlooking the world's greatest devastation, while around them are shattered, fanatic dreams.

All around the mighty ships are small fishing boats and the masts of sunken merchantmen, bomb-shattered hulks now resting on the bottom of the harbor from which they once set out for the corners of the Japanese Empire. This is all that is left of the once great Japanese merchant fleet.

Still standing on nearby Dejima Wharf is a large sign on a bleak and deserted office building, symbolic of Japan's dreams of world conquest. On that sign, in Japanese characters, is the legend:

"Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere Shipping Administration Office."



Meet lovely Ava Gardner, the likes of whom are not to be found unattached west of Hollywood.

## Advertising Man

Yen Ho Teck was a laundryman with a flair for advertising.

When the Marines started arriving in Tinian, Yen got busy. He dusted off the photographs which he had used years ago while a laundryman for officers and men of the USS Augusta, during the China service.

Yen presented himself and his passport to the commandant of the Sixth Division Headquarters. Yen had also prepared some new business cards in English:

YEN HO TECK  
Laundry

A special class washerman on board and giving means only permitted one's own washing all kinds of woolen clothes with the highly skilled hands of Chemistry, any proper ways. Can be made the general ladies have a satisfactory use two or three days without the short staying without doingtime when require believe that the above BUREAU responsible for on doubtfully.



## LANDING PARTY

To seagoing Marines who made the initial landing on Japan following the Japs' surrender, the event was an historic occasion with many interesting sidelights. Obviously, it would be the best opportunity in years for getting souvenirs. Unlike their ground-fighting buddies, Leathernecks on sea duty generally don't get a chance at the supply until their Navy shipmates have raked it over.

Other sidelights were interesting, but burdensome. The pictures on this page were made by and of members of the detachment aboard the light carrier *Monterey*. For months the Marines of the "Mighty Monty" had been preparing for a landing on Japan — peaceful or warlike.

They found they were to be Machine Gun Platoon, Company F, 2nd Battalion. To the usual watches, brass polishing and deck swabbing of ship-board life, they now added school and drill on the pistol, M1, carbine and light machine gun.

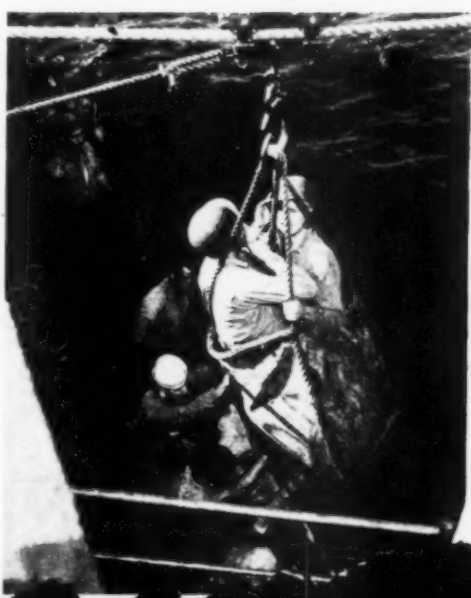
They practiced hitting the deck and the crouching run that would be necessary in case of opposition. They had inspections, with full packs and rather nicely pressed dungarees. They heard about tactics. They did all this on decks that were free of mud and foxholes, but were not always steady.

In due course the Monty men joined Brigadier General William T. Clement's landing force aboard the *Ozark*. The transfer was made at sea by breeches buoy, while the fleet steamed on.

Then came the thrill of landing in Japan. Their packs, plus ammunition carried in their hands, totaled about 70 pounds a man. They stood up throughout the three-hour journey by landing craft, then went ashore on Beach Red, a seaplane ramp at the southern side of Yokosuka Naval Air Base.

From there in, for a week, the *Monterey* men were land Marines. They partook of K rations. They policed their area — which was pretty luxurious, with plenty of running water. They found a low hill, laced by caves equipped for offensive and defensive fighting and for extensive repair work. They hiked five miles to a Jap village, and were appalled by its squalor.

They got all the souvenirs they could carry. But that is the sad part of this story. At the last minute, they were ordered to abandon all souvenirs except one Jap rifle and one bayonet apiece. For a moment after that order was issued the silence was tremendous. And then the beating of gums began.





# DEEP SIX

A Camp Pendleton Marine called his company office and asked whether wearing of the blouse on liberty was optional. The answer: "No. The wearing of the blouse on liberty is not optional. You may either wear it or not wear it."

The Japanese never use the phrase "hara-kiri" to indicate suicide for the Emperor. For him it would be "seppuku." But the results are the same.

The owner of a sandal shop in Hirado, Japan, closed up after disappointing dozens of Marines. They had asked for wooden sandals, but those which the merchant had were cut for the Japanese foot and thus too short to accommodate the Americans. The proprietor would mournfully say to each, after looking at his boon-dockers, "Foot too big." He finally gave up, saying, "Too many customers; not enough sales."

Someone in the 27th Marines called the Saga Telephone Company in Japan for two men to set up phone wires. Ten minutes later the president of the company and his chief assistant arrived.

The Latin phrase "Fideli Certa Merces," which is inscribed on Marine discharge papers, was first used in 1841. It was discontinued sometime before the First World War and reinstated in 1939. The phrase means "To the faithful, reward is certain."

Five hundred Leathernecks of the Fourth Marine Regiment, veterans of Okinawa, were decorated at one time by Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., commanding general of the sixth Marine Division, and Brigadier General William T. Clement, commander of the fleet landing force. The ceremony took place in Yokosuka, the first of its kind in Japan.

Marine First Lieutenant Tyrone Power never had more appreciative fans than those in Sasebo, Japan. Lieut. Power, a pilot, arrived in Sasebo from Okinawa with 6000 pounds of mail for the Leathernecks. Now if they could just figure out a way to have Betty Grable deliver it.

Marines of the 13th Regiment who trundled 105mm and 155mm howitzers ashore at Sasebo, did so with a curious satisfaction. The very act of bringing those pieces into position on Jap. soil was a tribute to fellow Marines who died on Iwo Jima, eight months before. These were the first guns to blast the Japs on Iwo. To their crews, it was as though the silent guns understood the glory of the moment.

Reconverting from the tropic isles of the Pacific to winter in Japan is no small operation for some Marines. An ideal costume for the man who craves to be cozy was discovered and catalogued by one of our agents. Reading from the outer layer in, it includes: Coverall, jacket, with hood; field jacket; alpaca lined vest; wool muffler; flannel shirt; heavy field trousers; gray woolen underwear; woolen ski socks. Any exposed portions that still remain can be taken care of with mittens, wool visor cap (with earmuffs), and, of course, shoes.

At night a sleeping bag is added, if possible.

Captain Robert Baird, Marine holder of the Pacific record of six night-fighter victories, found the change from war flying to occupation duty like "changing from a Model T to a V-8." Other pilots, reporting similar experiences with their Corsairs and Hellcats, agreed that something new seemed to have been added. The increased speed and flyability of their planes came from the elimination of about 5000 pounds of bombs and extra fuel.

It used to be radio station WXLI, "on the road to Tokyo." But now, heaven be praised, it's radio station WXLI, "on the road to Frisco."

When Platoon Sergeant Robert S. Wood of Chardon, Ohio, was called to receive his Silver Star Medal from Major General Graves B. Erskine on Guam, he wasn't there — he had left a day earlier for the United States. The Third Division commander didn't mind, however. He remarked that there was no doubt Wood had been there on Iwo Jima, when five other Marines needed help. The missing platoon sergeant had saved the lives of all five.

Additions to our Leatherneck Lexicon:

POINTER — That Marine who has the necessary points for discharge.

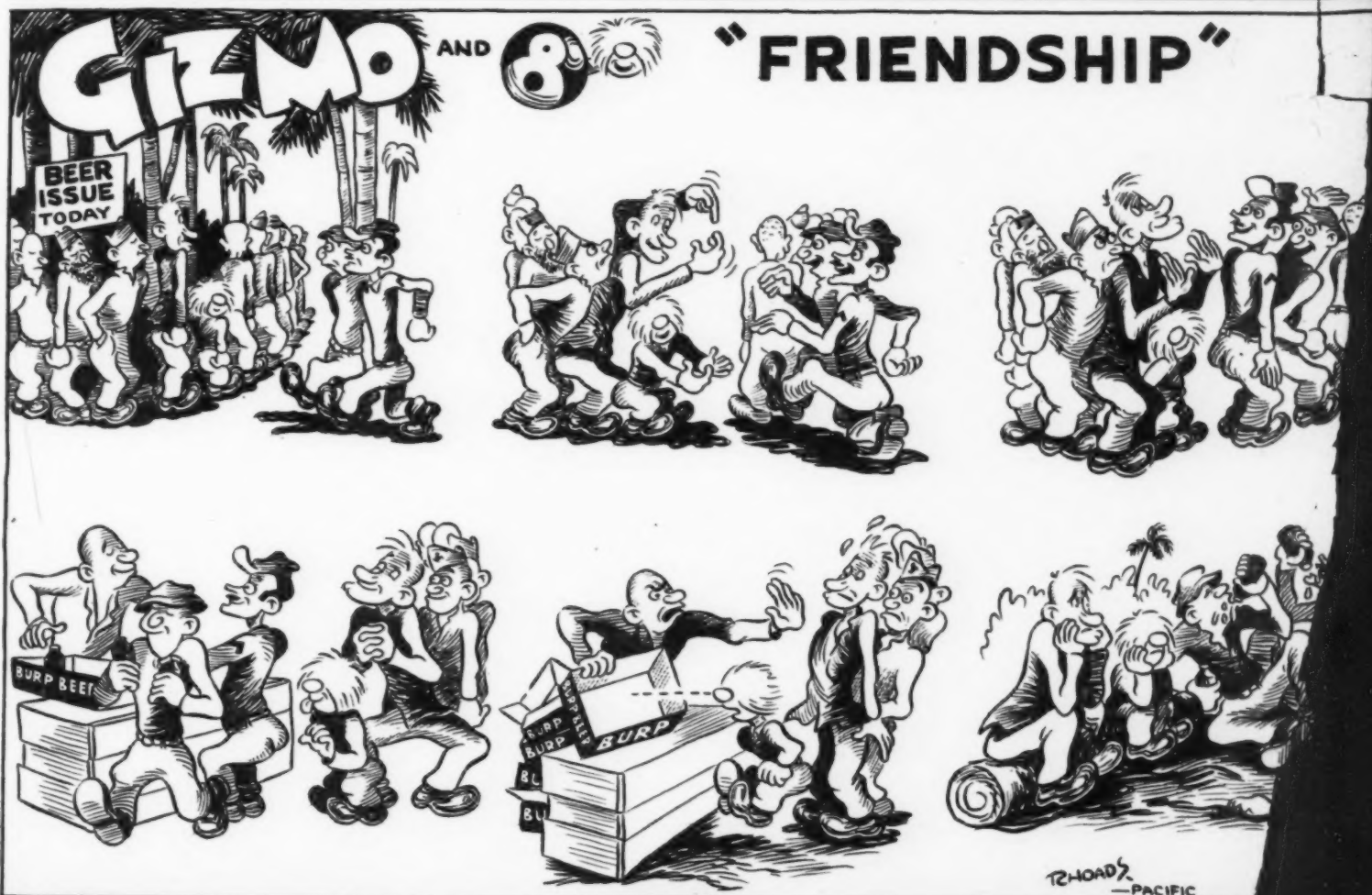
SETTER — That other Marine who hasn't.

FUNNY MONEY — Fluctuating Oriental currency.

CREEPING JEEP — Foot-operated carts pedalled by coolies.



PFC Edda Force of Elmira, N. Y., poses with Butch, mascot of the Marine eleven at Camp Pendleton.



# MAKE

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iritable "vest pocket encyclopedia" — written by experts at Corps Schools, polished by top editorial writers, approved by isic . of Plans and Policies after inspection by the Corps' top So you know every word is the *last word* on the subject.

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find things in this guidebook as modern as rocket warfare. hebook for Marines" contains many new facts, new tactics, ters. Want the scoop on rocket launchers, for instance? Or flame-throwers? Or street fighting in the Orient? Here's the — right at your fingertips, ready to use!

### cts — 800 Pictures

Marines" contains over 800 clear, easy-to-follow, step- aphs that make even complicated tasks like field-stripping

as simple as tying your field scarf. The text is written in a fresh new style that makes every chapter absorbing to read, simple to understand, easy to put into actual practice. The type is large, clear — easy to read in barracks-room light. In short, here is the whole Marine Corps way of living and fighting — outlined in words and pictures even your kid brother could follow.

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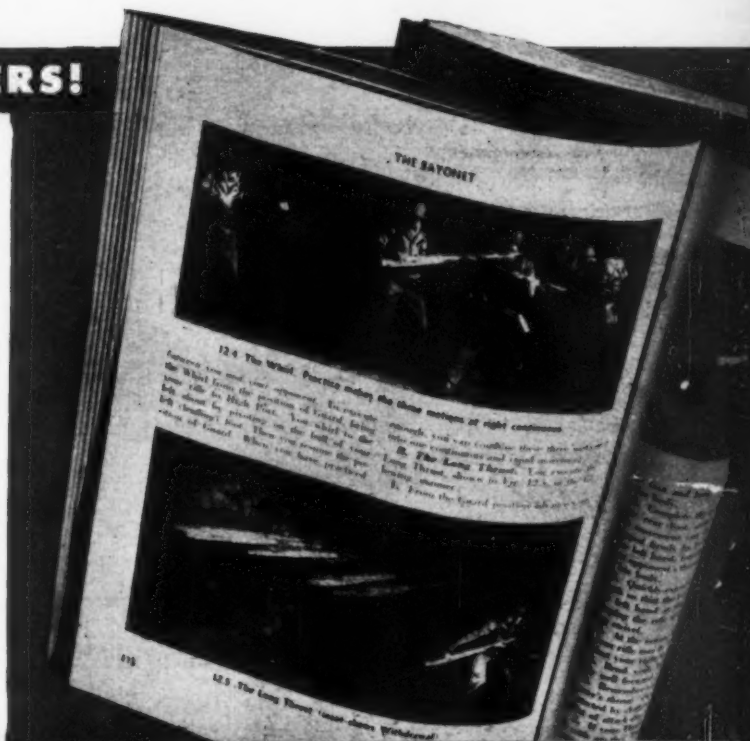


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The following five pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy guide for those interested in good reading.

Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented. This list provides an excellent opportunity for you to secure many hours of entertainment and relaxation.

Order books by number using form on page 71.

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By James Hilton

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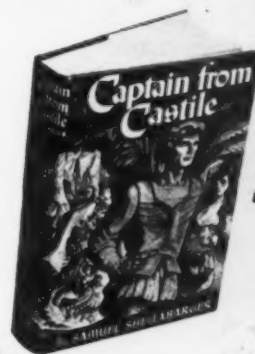


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By Lau Shaw

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## **That Girl from Memphis** 57A

By Wilbur Steele

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128A

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## A Lion is 58A

### in the Streets

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By Alice Tisdale Hobart 155A

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# TRY AND STOP ME 34A

By Bennett Cerf

The funniest cracks, comments and stories of our wit-tiest citizens in the literary and entertainment world.

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The

142A

## White Tower

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## Desert Island Decameron 101A

By H. Allen Smith

A remarkable anthology of humor containing an impressive list of famous humorists.

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terrible era in history strangely like our own.

153A

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that helped inspire  
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war correspondent, a  
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uniform who hated  
wars but loved and  
understood the men  
who had to fight  
them.

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35A

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His Memoir is a super  
and Satisfactory book

154

## Marquis James

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hood in the Oklahoma territory. Stories of posses,  
bad men, Comanches and the Pony Express.

A subtle and humorous self portrait of a young  
man growing up in his and the West's days of  
innocence.

\$3.00

## The Cherokee Strip

An Oklahoma Boyhood

403711B

books listed on these pages are arranged in the order of content so that you may easily select the one that interests you most.

Some of these books are of special interest to disabled veterans. Marines who want to add to their

collection of books about the Marine Corps will find this list of real value. A wide variety of entertaining and informative reading is included.

Send your order today to insure prompt delivery. Use handy order form on page 71.

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by Five Marine Correspondents  
Official, complete story of Marines on Iwo Jima. Recital of the exploits of individual Marines, names of those who died, photographs, maps, drawings. \$3.50
- IWO JIMA** 120  
by Captain Henri Raymond  
Complete 15,000-word report by an on-the-spot observer and 90 combat photographs tell this story. 75c
- THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS** 101  
by Colonel Clyde H. Metcalf  
Book in print—584 pages including illustrations offer the complete history of the Marine Corps from Tun's Tavern to the battles of World War II. An invaluable record which should be the proud possession of every Marine. \$4.50
- THE CORPS' READER** 103  
by Col. C. H. Metcalf  
Collection of the best short writings about the Corps from Parris Island to the Marshalls. \$3.00
- THE STAFF—ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT** 512  
Historic significance of the military staff—how it works, how it developed—staff doctrine of modern armies—a survey from early eras to the present. \$2.00
- GUADALCANAL DIARY** 105  
by Richard Tregaskis  
One can read GUADALCANAL DIARY and not feel grateful to those superb Marines for what they accomplished. \$1.00

## START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

- START YOUR OWN BUSINESS** 95A  
Plan for the person who wants to start his own business, clarifying the many problems involved from location to the proper merchandise. \$2.00
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Guide to the successful operation of a small store, covering investment, financing, advertising, bookkeeping, how to make a profit, etc. \$2.00
- HOW TO GET THE JOB YOU WANT** 97A  
For every returning serviceman who wants to know how to get the job he wants and how to keep that job. \$1.00
- HOW TO START A FARM AND BUSINESS** 47A  
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- OWN STORE AND HOW TO RUN IT** 136A  
by F. Chisholm  
Tells veterans how to own a store and run it at a profit. On merchandising, display and finance are included. \$1.00

## RIGHTS AS A VETERAN

- RIGHTS AS A VETERAN** 137A  
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- by John B. Powell  
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- by John Monks, Jr. 140A  
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# Sidelights

**I**N TIENTSIN, North China's most cosmopolitan city, New York is definitely not regarded as the most cosmopolitan city in the United States. In fact, it doesn't even rank among the first three in the world.

Marines of the Third Amphibious Corps, for reasons known only to themselves, went around asking harmless Chinese citizens which three cities in the world they considered to be the most cosmopolitan. The Chinese conception: Paris, New Orleans and Shanghai.

This information won't do you much good unless somebody comes up to you on the street and asks, "Which three cities in the world do the Chinese consider to be the most cosmopolitan?" So you might just as well forget that we ever said anything about it.

For years angry drill instructors have roared at their awkward charges:

"You are more fouled up than a Chinese fire drill!"

Now comes Sergeant Norris Anderson, Marine Corps correspondent and the hero of this story, to report that Chinese fire drills are far from fouled up.

The fire drills, according to Sgt. Anderson, are held at monthly intervals and are staged in a "very efficient fashion."

A Japanese major, surrendering the arms of his garrison in Tientsin to Marine occupation troops, expressed astonishment that the Marines were so familiar with Japanese weapons.

According to PFC John G. McCullough, of Philadelphia, Penna., the Marine officer in charge turned to the interpreter and said: "Tell him we ought to know something about them. We've been taking these weapons away from them since Guadalcanal."

Recently the Chinese bewildered the Marines by walking out of their first American movie at the end of the first reel. The Marines thought the Chinese were tough critics until they realized that the non-English speaking Chinese had assumed it was the end of the show.

Marines in Tientsin are beginning to wonder why they ever taught Mischa to speak English.

Mischa is a five-year-old Russian, bright-eyed and smart as they come. The Marines decided to give him a fast course in English. In four days Mischa was speaking it like a native.

On the fifth day, while undergoing instruction, Mischa solemnly observed:

"Russians speak Russian, French people speak French, and Spanish people speak Spanish. Why don't Americans speak American?"

Attempts by the Marines to explain to young Mischa that American English differs from English English didn't go over, and his problem is not only unsettled, but he's got the Marines stumped.

Marines on occupation duty are learning first hand about inflation.

A pair of Marines approached the ticket window of a local theater.

"Two, please," said one of them.

"Yes, sir," the ticket seller replied. "That will be four hundred dollars."

"Okay . . . did you say four hundred dollars?" both Marines gasped.

"That's right, sir," the man in the box office said. "However, we have a special price for servicemen . . . \$100 apiece."

The Marines had started to walk away when the ticket seller said, "In American

money that will be five cents each."

The rate of exchange ranges from \$1800 to \$2200 in Chinese money to \$1 in American money. Tientsin's money market wasn't helped at all by the final printing splurge of Japan's presses. The Jap money makers were in such a hurry with their last batch that they didn't even bother to put serial numbers on the bills.

This is the current price list for Marines, and it is strangely reminiscent of the prices charged during the Alaska Gold Rush, if anybody cares to remember back that far.

Shave and a haircut — \$300 (a little cheaper than the traditional two bits).

Steak dinner, beer and cover charge at a restaurant — \$10,000.

Ricksha ride (per mile) — Chinese money equal to the price of one chicken, the price of chickens fluctuating each day.

Silk stockings — \$1000, and a bargain at that. The stockings are real silk and the price in American money is a mere 50 cents.

Jap Samurai sword (genuineness not guaranteed) — \$2500.

One bottle of beer — \$960.

Just in case you are wondering how some Marines would make out on their monthly pay, a private in China now receives \$120,000 (which might as well be hay) — \$60 in American money.

The Chinese type of calling card is creating a fad among Marines. First the Chinese print the man's name, then what it means in the Chinese language. Thus "Thomas" becomes "Meritorious Morality."

A rugged sergeant, veteran of several battles, boasts about his name — "Heavenly Peace." He was probably very popular around Christmas time, with everybody including his name in a Christmas carol.

One Chinese merchant is affording much amusement to the patrons of his barbershop with a sign signifying that the attendants, in addition to giving haircuts and shaves, are also adept at giving pedicures.

The sign, in letters almost a foot high, boasts that in his establishment, "FEET ARE ALSO CUT."

This little story is strictly for people who want to grow up and be newspapermen. It will be especially helpful for those who have hopes of getting on the staff of a thriving Chinese daily.

A staff writer on the Chinese-English Daily Intelligence, in Tientsin, scored a scoop when he obtained the first interview with an American Marine.

Headlined "Our First Conversation with An American Warrior," the article was typical of the manner in which North China residents have regarded Marine occupation forces after seven years of Japanese domination.

"An American warrior entered our office yesterday and a group of us surrounded him and started asking questions. He accepted warmly and modestly.

"Interestingly enough, his name betrayed the Austrian origin of his family and that his ancestors emigrated to America years before the Independence War with Austria where, by the way, Hitler was born. Now he is 100 per cent American.

"Some of us addressed him as a brave fighter and some called him a savior."

The story goes on but it gets worse. The American savior was unidentified.

Estimated to be worth approximately \$20,000, the personal effects left behind by the United States Marines when they made a hasty withdrawal from Tientsin in 1941 have been recovered.

The leather bags and trunks, filled with articles of every description, are en route to the U.S. They will be returned to the Leathernecks who left them behind four years ago and who probably had given them up for lost.

# BACK OF THE BOOK



HUBENTHAL

PFC Karl Hubenthal, whose "Ward Whacky" cartoon appears on pages 34 and 35, is the only man in the Corps to literally break his neck in that

pleasant interlude of advanced training called Combat Conditioning. This he did at Camp Pendleton. He drew the cartoon while in the Long Beach Naval Hospital. Before entering the Corps he was sports cartoonist for the Los Angeles *Evening Herald-Express*, and his wife, Elsie, will tell you he was named the best sports cartoonist of 1940, thereby winning the New York World's Fair award. Hubenthal, 28 years old, is the father of two daughters.



PHILLIPS

Sgt. James Atlee Phillips, assistant editor and a relative newcomer to *Leatherneck's* staff, joined the Corps after a hitch with the China National

Airlines, where he was division operations manager. A Texan, he was educated in that state's university and at the University of Missouri. Before the war he worked in publicity for showman Billy Rose, did newspaper column and feature work and has appeared in most of the "slick" magazines. Usually teamed with photographer Bob Sandberg on *Leatherneck's* picture stories, Phillips has had two novels published. He is married and possessed of a 4-year-old son named Shawn.



SANDBERG

Sgt. Bob Sandberg is a husky Swede from Iowa. After a thorough background in dark-room and lab work, Bob left the Des Moines *Register & Tribune*

to become one of the top photographers on *Look Magazine*. During his eight years on the *Look* staff he traveled over 800,000 miles and covered such diverse assignments as the White House and the shapely nymphs of Hollywood. Expert with all types of cameras, Bob prefers to work with Rolleiflex. Grown adept and cagy in highly competitive field, Sandberg can shoot his twilights at high noon, will not take a posed picture. Still young for a big-league photographer, 29, Bob is married and has two children, Verjona, 11, and Kirk, 6.

★ ★ ★

## Picture Credits

Sgt. John Jolokal, pp. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

Corp. Don Hunt, pp. 28, 29.

Sgt. Bob Sandberg, pp. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.

Signal Corps, p. 50.

Corp. Eugene Jones, p. 56.

★ ★ ★





## IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK

*...ready to roll again, with Greyhound!*

Congratulations, you Leathernecks who will soon wear this bright emblem! It says, "I fought hard for my country—I'll serve it well in Peacetime."

Many of you are back with Greyhound now, and there'll be thousands more, as you drift in from Tokyo, Berlin, and way-points *Step-by-step*, as you return, be sure that bus travel for the American people will move forward, too.

You'll drive and service finer highway coaches than America has ever known—you'll plan and sell carefree Expense-Paid Tours to all parts of this continent—you'll preside at desks, ticket windows and lunch counters in beautiful new terminals and wayside Post Houses.

With you back on the job—working side-by-side with men and women who have kept transportation going in the hectic war days—there's new life and meaning in that good old slogan, "Highways are Happy Ways!"

### Faster, Finer Bus Service NOW

Welcome surprises are coming for those who like highway travel—many improvements are here now!

- Schedules are faster and more frequent since national speed limitations have been lifted.
- Straight-through Express and Limited trips are back in operation—more are coming.
- There are additional seats for passengers, as new equipment and new manpower have become available.
- Expense-paid Tours to all parts of this Amazing America are again offered for your pleasure.

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